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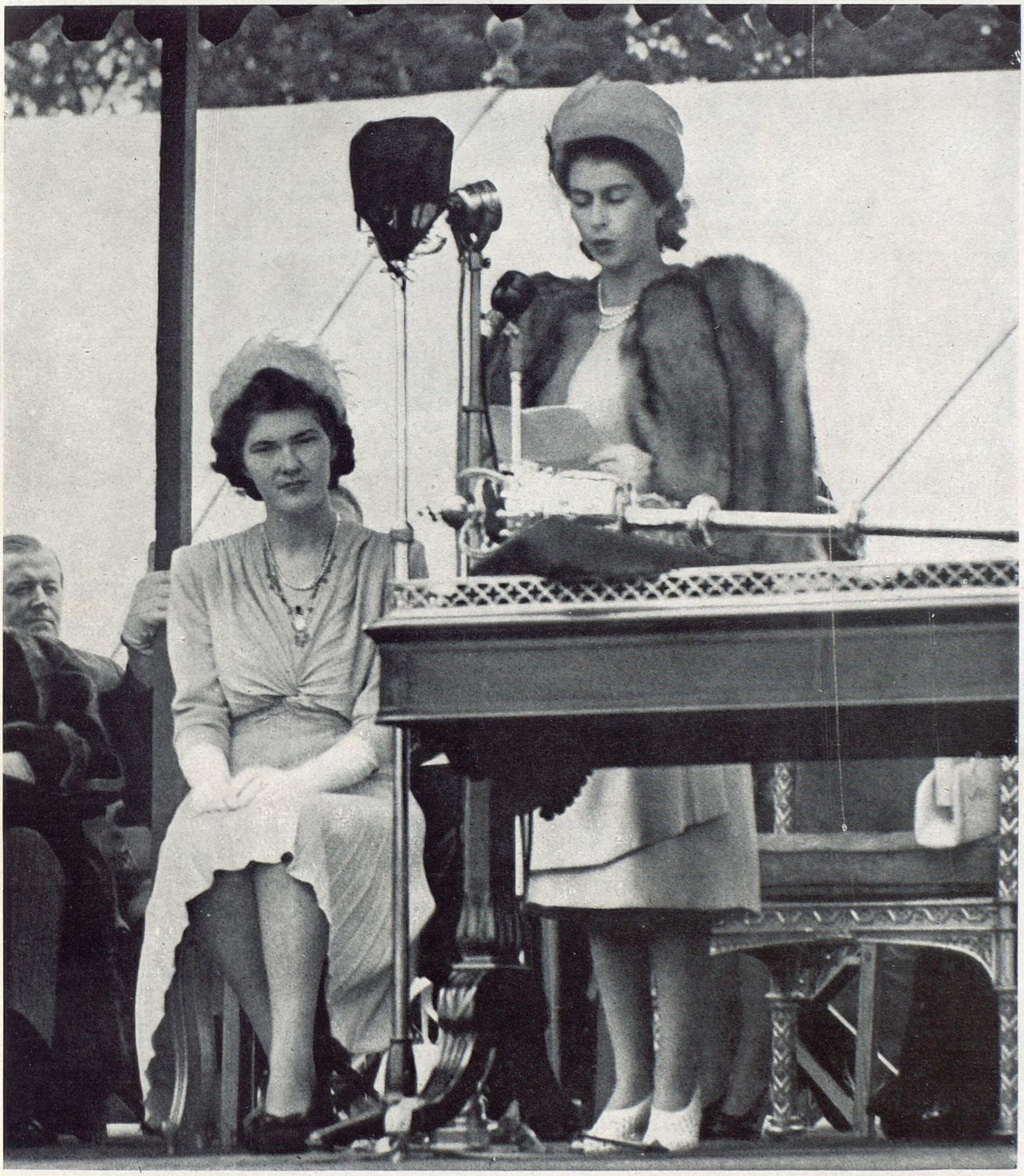

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT WINDSOR—THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE, WHO CAME OF AGE IN APRIL AND WHOSE PUBLIC APPEARANCES HAVE MARKEDLY INCREASED SINCE HER RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA, MAKING HER SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE ON RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH : The ceremony took place in the Home Park and, such is the interest in the character and personality of the Princess, it was heard by tens of thousands of listeners in a nation-wide broadcast

Of recent weeks Princess Elizabeth has made many public appearances and, as Heir-Presumptive, has helped, in a measure, to lessen the burden of the King and Queen. Last Saturday Her Royal Highness was admitted to the Honorary Freedom of the Borough of Windsor, the ceremony taking place in the Home Park in the presence of a great concourse of citizens. In attendance upon the Princess was Lady Mary Strachey, who is seen sitting on the left of the dais as the Princess delivered her speech of acceptance. In her speech the Princess declared : "During the years in which I have lived here I have always received from the people of this town a friendliness and affection for which I should like to take this opportunity of thanking them. It is natural that I should wish to respond to their friendship by accepting the freedom of Windsor before all others, excepting only the City of London." In signing the Freemen's Book Princess Elizabeth made the ancient declaration that should she happen to know of any conspiracy or mischief against the Borough she would with all convenient speed disclose it to the Mayor or other magistrate. The scroll, sealed with the common seal of the Council, was enclosed in a casket of Windsor oak and presented to her by the Mayor

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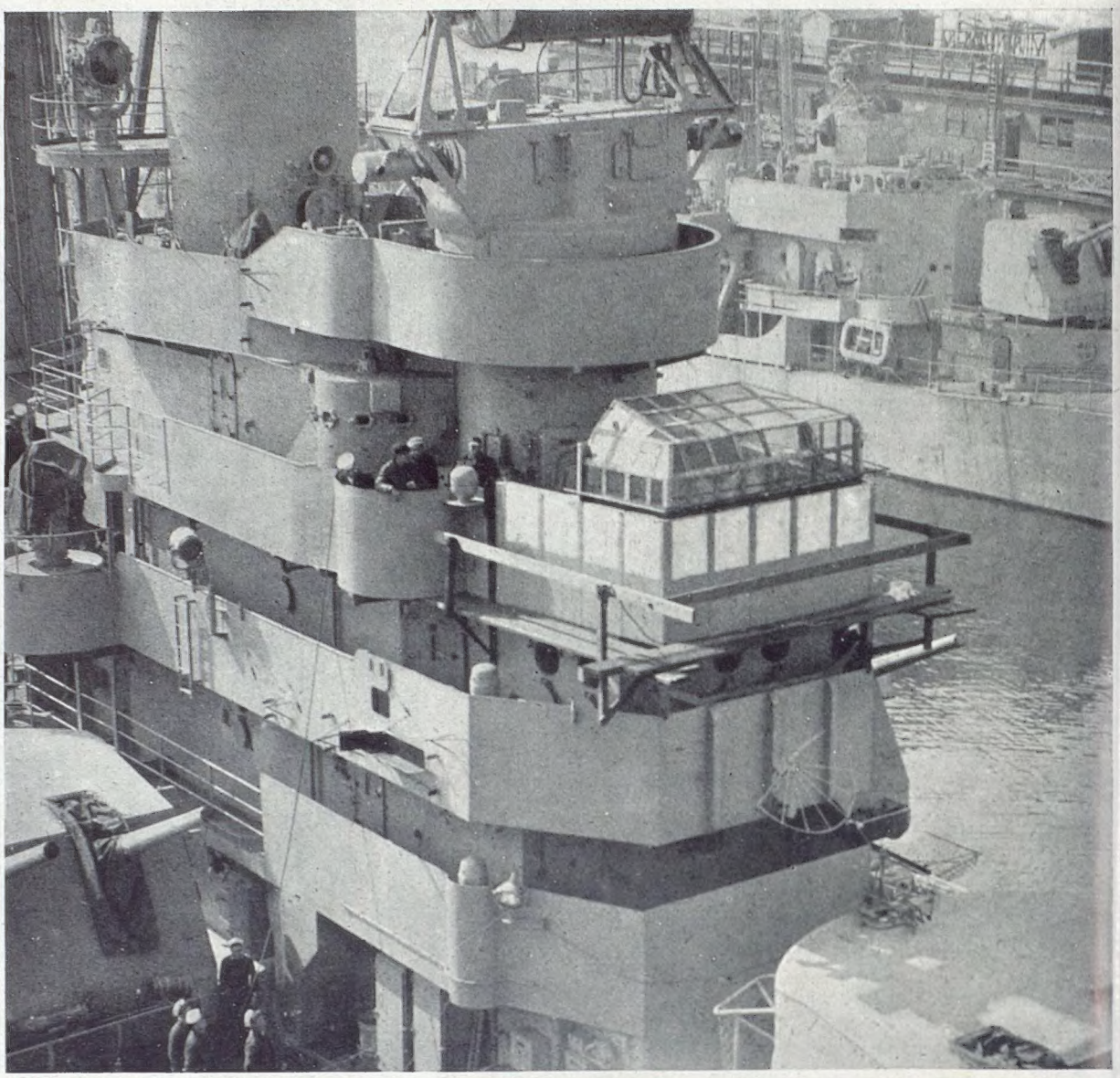
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Failure at Paris. — Disappointment is often as bitter when an outsider fails to win as when the favourite goes down. It was so in Paris. It was an outside chance, and it has failed. M. Molotov has refused Russian and presumably Russian satellite participation in European economic planning. He refused bluntly, repeated the inevitable "counter-charges" of interference by the Western Democracies in the internal affairs of small nations and ended with a veiled threat that if England and France proceed alone, they will create a Western and an Eastern bloc which will alarmingly increase the difficulties of resettlement and peace. There is little point in a back answer. The little states on Russia's border may ruefully smile at Russian counter-charges of Western "interference" with small nations. And as for the threat, what else is left to England and France but to save from the wreck of this real, constructive hope for civilisation all nations willing and daring to be saved? If Molotov had taken the line that the Marshall offer was "patronising," that it called for suing for dollars *in forma pauperis* by proud nations, one could better have understood him. That offer was never patronising and no nation with genuine pride could hesitate to jump to satisfying by all means its fair and sensible conditions precedent to American co-operation in Europe's affairs. It is just one more tragedy of Babel. "*Parler européen*" is as far off as after Locarno and Briand's hopes are as remote as twenty years ago. Whatever else be the barriers between the East and West, the "language" difficulty is still among the strongest—if Mr. Bevin's private thoughts on Paris, July 1947 were broadcast. . . . But there are many thoughts to-day better left unspoken.

Too Late Again.—The Socialists in 1945 promised a New Jerusalem—nothing *new* in that; they promised also that the people should be told the truth, given the facts, consulted. Unlike the T.U.s, the general public had no screw whereby to secure its right to be informed and consulted. I think no Government (unless a war Government) ever kept this nation so blindfold. Guessing is one thing; certainty, with facts and figures, is another. We all *guessed* the fuel crisis, we all guessed the present crisis in our finances, but we had to wait on Shinwell and Dalton—when at last they were compelled to abandon hope of an eleventh-hour miracle to save them—before we were given the sombre certainties which we had long suspected. And now to-day we face a winter of an austerity more severe than last winter's and exceeding that of any war year. Far less fuel, less meat, less petrol, less tobacco, less spirits; we go back again to four-page newspapers, and obviously to another reduction in book production. No one desires to make party capital out of a nation's economic crises, but a Government's first duty is to govern successfully, to use the national resources to the best advantage. If it fails, if its efforts result in chaos or even in retrograde standards of life, it must take the blame (as it invariably takes the glory and praise for any favourable factor). And the penalty for failure should be—if politics were based on business principles of common sense—the resignation of the management and its replacement by capable men.

A Headmaster Trounces Parents.—I was glad to read the trouncing which the Headmaster of a famous public school dared to give in public to the parents of his boys. He told them that many of his boys to-day returned for the holidays to homes where religion was neither practised nor inculcated, where common honesty was no longer the rule, and where mean and slick devices of the black-market type were openly discussed and, if not encouraged, by no means frowned on. Evidence of a startling kind was recently given of the lack of religion, of the total ignorance of the ABC of Christianity, among naval recruits, and none who has to do with juvenile courts can fail to be shocked by the ever-falling standards of common honesty and even decency among the young. That there are excuses to be urged on behalf of parents may mitigate the guilt but not reduce the seriousness of the problem. The average mother is to-day enslaved to housewifery and has few opportunities for exerting a mother's influence. That is one reason why the churches have been empty so long, and it applies, as once it did not, to all classes. Nor have two years of Socialist planning checked the inducements to slickness and under-the-counter expedients in the universal urge to obtain a share of what is going in those fields where distribution is faulty. So far has the evil gone through years of austerity that even a calm and sober magistrate might ruefully declare that it is a principle among the young offenders (and older, too) who come before him that pinching is not only a "legitimate risk," but mere common sense, if the chance of detection is trivial. At first sight, it seems like a matter for despair, so "long term" are the expectations of better opportunities for parents to carry out their duties as such, and not merely their duties as housewives and form-fillers, or of the Church to make its influence felt again. But things are not so desperate. I have reason to know that the Church is making enormous strides in one diocese at least, winning back and charming back its lost flocks and bringing religion once more into scores of homes long bereft of it, and I see in every village round me a healthier spirit, encouraged by reviving sports and amenities and the influence of newly-appointed leaders, which may work a miracle sooner than seemed possible two years ago, and may go far to repair the moral ravages of war and its aftermath, and the apathy or active cynicism in matters of religion which for a decade or more has been in evidence among certain grades of school-teachers. In my rural area, at any rate, there is no cause for despair. Decency is "breaking in." Our national revival in honesty will come when parents once more have time to *be* parents; it will be brought nearer by the encouragement of boys' clubs and village games, and by the activities of new model parsons. Indeed, I am not sure that a permit for wood for a cricket pavilion is not to-day as important a priority as wood for a house.



PROTECTION FROM WEATHER, GUN-BLAST AND FUMES—AN EXPERIMENTAL "GREENHOUSE" OF PLASTIC AND METAL IS FITTED TO THE BRIDGE OF THE UNITED STATES LIGHT CRUISER "MANCHESTER": When this picture was taken the "Manchester" was about to leave European waters for Newport, Rhode Island. The "greenhouse" was designed and constructed at the naval shipyard at Boston, and, if successful, it will be adopted by all combat ships in the United States Fleet. The "Manchester" belongs to the powerful Cleveland class of twenty-nine ships, most of which were completed during the middle years of the war

Henley Revisited. — It is forty years and more since I enjoyed Henley Regatta, and a little booklet of old "Henleys" recalled to me very vividly the "boater" Henleys of the Edwardian era which I enjoyed. Oddly enough, I got more enjoyment out of the Henley of 1947. As planners of sports meetings, our national genius continually improves. Gone are the thronged and hectic river traffic, the long waits, the long walks along the river bank. You could not have a more peaceful, easy and more pleasant day than to sit in the Stewards' enclosure and to eat your luncheon in the perfectly laid out and ordered car park immediately behind it. In and out and all the day, superlative management made all things easy and peaceful. If the rowers seemed to move more slowly than of old, the heats succeeded each other with commendable speed, and my only regret was for those school-crews forced to row two gruelling heats against men in a single summer's day. How well the old Blues wear, despite the heart strains of their youth. There they all were as forty years ago, seemingly no older, no younger. Only their Leander pink scarves, ties, caps and socks seemed perhaps a very little more faded and moth-eaten. I am glad to have revisited the scenes of my youth with so little fatigue and no regrets.

Austrian Servants. — Has anybody yet been successful in cashing that now ancient official promise of facilities to secure for harassed housewives some domestic help from Austria—none being available at home? Of all the bogus promises of relief to the hardest "workers" in this work-shy land, this undertaking seems to me the most damnably cynical or false. I can speak for several housewives who a year ago named and identified Austrian women anxious to come to them and unwilling to go anywhere else. Months went by before the would-be employers could secure permits. Now those permits are running out or have run out, and no progress whatever has been made. The various agencies and authorities in London blame it on the Austrian authorities. The latter hand it back. Some blame the Russians, even when the locale is outside Russian influence. It is as clear as paint that no one here or in Austria is concerned to make the plan or promise effective. It is just another instance of cynical indifference to the plight of the British housewife.

THE OLD STAGER

THREE ROYAL OCCASIONS

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE ROYAL SHOW—HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING LONG-SERVICE MEDALS TO FARM WORKERS IN FRONT OF THE GRANDSTAND AT LINCOLN: The ceremony took place in a drizzling rain, but the attendance at the show was enormous, over 98,000 people being present in the first two days—a figure exceeding the entire attendance for five days at some previous shows. The King and Queen journeyed to Lincoln by train from Wolverton, near Sandringham, and drove to Lincoln show ground after a civic reception

THE ROYAL FAMILY LEAD THE NATION IN PRAYER: The King and Queen and the Princesses leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after attending Divine Service last Sunday, which was designated "a National Day of Prayer." In the course of the ordinary morning service the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. The Royal Family were received at the entrance to the Cathedral by the Dean and Chapter

THE QUEEN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Her Majesty being received by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Alan C. Don, when she arrived for the Mothers' Union service at the Abbey. It was a special service of re-dedication and affirmation. The Queen, as patron of the Mothers' Union, broadcast a message to members

EXILES AND WORLD WANDERERS: Ex-King Carol of Rumania and Madame Elena Lupescu, with whom his fortunes have been linked for over twenty years, dining at Havana, Cuba, in 1941 after the King had lost his throne for the second time and the couple had escaped from Europe. Last week-end it was reported that on her death-bed Madame Lupescu was married to the ex-King, who conferred on her the title, Helena, Princess of Rumania

Personal Pictures

KING CAROL'S MARRIAGE

The Royal Wedding in the Tongas: July 4 in London

Madame Lupescu, credited at times with Balkan machinations that would have been beyond the powers of one woman, was at King Carol's side after his divorce from Queen Helen and throughout the remainder of his Ruritanian career, during which he twice occupied the throne of Rumania. Last week Madame Lupescu was married to ex-King Carol at her bedside in the royal suite in the Copacabana Hotel, Rio de Janeiro, six witnesses attending the ceremony in accordance with Brazilian law. These witnesses must report to a marriage court for ratification.

KING'S COMPANION: Madame Lupescu, it was announced at the time of her marriage last week, "is dangerously ill and in the last stages of pernicious anæmia"

A DOUBLE ROYAL WEDDING IN THE TONGA ISLANDS — THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, PRINCE FATFEHI, THE SONS OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN SALOTE TUBOU, QUEEN OF THE TONGA ISLANDS: These two wedding groups were taken after the ceremony, which took place last month at Nukualofa. *Left*—Queen Salote standing between the brides and with her two sons, the bridegrooms, standing behind her. On the extreme right is the British Agent and Consul, Mr. C. W. T. Johnson. Also in the picture is the officiating priest at the double wedding ceremony. *Right*—The Crown Prince, his bride, Princess Mata'aho, Princess Tupou Moheofo and Prince Fatfehi, younger brother of the Crown Prince. The Tonga, or Friendly, Islands have been an independent Polynesian kingdom since 1845, and since the beginning of the present century they have been under the protectorate of Great Britain. This Pacific kingdom consists of three groups of islands, the main group of which was discovered by Tasman in 1643

HOW THEY CELEBRATED AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LONDON: Commodore Tulley Shelley, American Naval Attaché at the United States Embassy, Prime Minister Attlee, and Miss Sharman Douglas and Mr. Peter Douglas, daughter and son of Mr. Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, talking together at the July 4 garden-party given by Mr. Douglas. Many notable figures in London life were present at the party

THE C.I.G.S. IN INDIA: Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, on the first stage of his tour to Australia and the East, in conversation with Pandit Nehru, Vice-President of India's Interim Government, at a dinner-party given in New Delhi in the Field Marshal's honour by Sardar Baldev Singh

THE LITTLE SHIPS

Set Off in Search of Adventure—the "Lovely Lady," the "White Cloud" and the "Alma"

DOD ORSBORNE IS OFF AGAIN: The sailor who blazoned the name "Girl Pat" round the world in 1936 when he took the little boat on a coast trip and finished up on the other side of the world, waving from his latest ship, "Lovely Lady," as he left Dover to cross the Atlantic

A CUP OF TEA BEFORE STARTING: Skipper Dod Orsborne "brewing up" in the wheelhouse. This picture shows Skipper Orsborne's method of lashing the wheel in order to keep the little vessel on her course

The summer season always brings news of adventuring on the high seas, of men setting out in little boats often on foolhardy but invariably exciting enterprises. Captain Dod Orsborne is no newcomer to this world of solo seafaring, and few have forgotten his escapade of a decade ago. During the Second World War Captain Orsborne was a naval Commando, and now, out of his savings as a naval officer, he has bought the 40-ft. Scottish yawl, *Lovely Lady*. Last week he left Dover in the little vessel, and he plans to cross the Western Ocean singlehanded, without even charts or maps to guide him on his way. When asked his intentions, Captain Orsborne declared a trifle vaguely: "I am going to all the hide-outs of the pirates"

THEY ARE HEADING FOR THE COAST OF MAINE: Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Love rowing ashore to do some final shopping before the start of their 4,000-mile voyage to America in the 63-ft. yawl "White Cloud," which is seen at anchor near Gourock in the estuary of the Clyde. Skipper of the "White Cloud" is twenty-two-year-old Roderick Finlayson, of Ross-shire. Mr. Clark and Mr. Love, two American ex-pilots, will help Finlayson with the management of the vessel, and their wives will share the cooking

BECALMED IN THE HAMPTON ROADS: Harold C. Laage, a young Venezuelan, at work aboard his 42-ft. sloop "Alma" when anchored off Norfolk, Virginia. He is on a voyage from Nova Scotia, where he bought the "Alma," to his home at La Guiara, near Caraccas. When this picture was taken Laage was awaiting favourable winds to resume his journey down the South American coast. His next port of call is to be Havana, Cuba, and before reaching home he expects to make an extensive tour of the West Indian islands. *On right*—Harold Laage assumes a broad grin as a photographer comes aboard the "Alma"

MR. AND MRS. LOVE AND MR. AND MRS. CLARK TAKE TEA ABOARD THE "WHITE CLOUD": The two American ex-pilots and their wives seen aboard the yawl before the start of their hazardous Atlantic voyage which they hope will end up on the coast of Maine, some time next September

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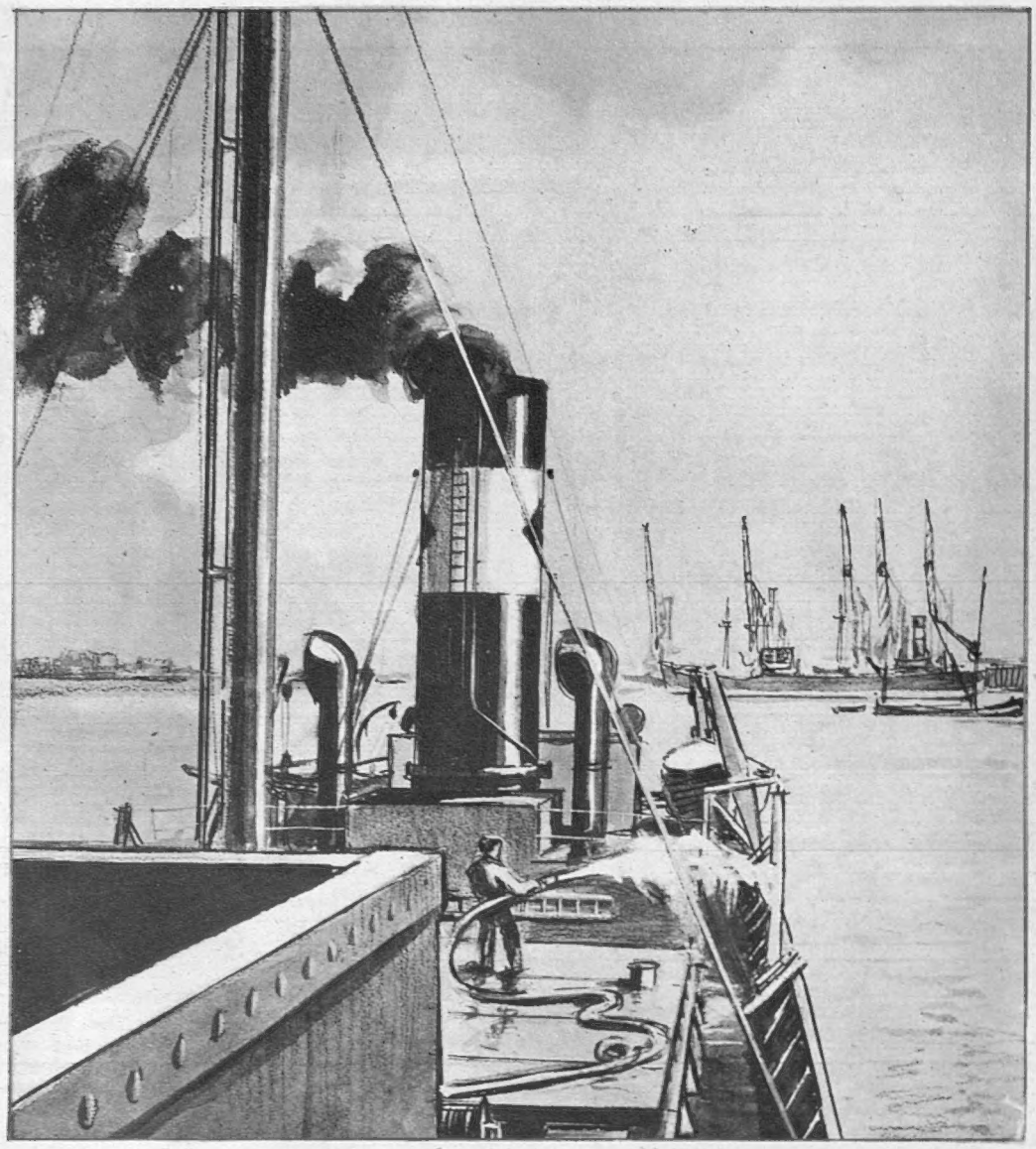
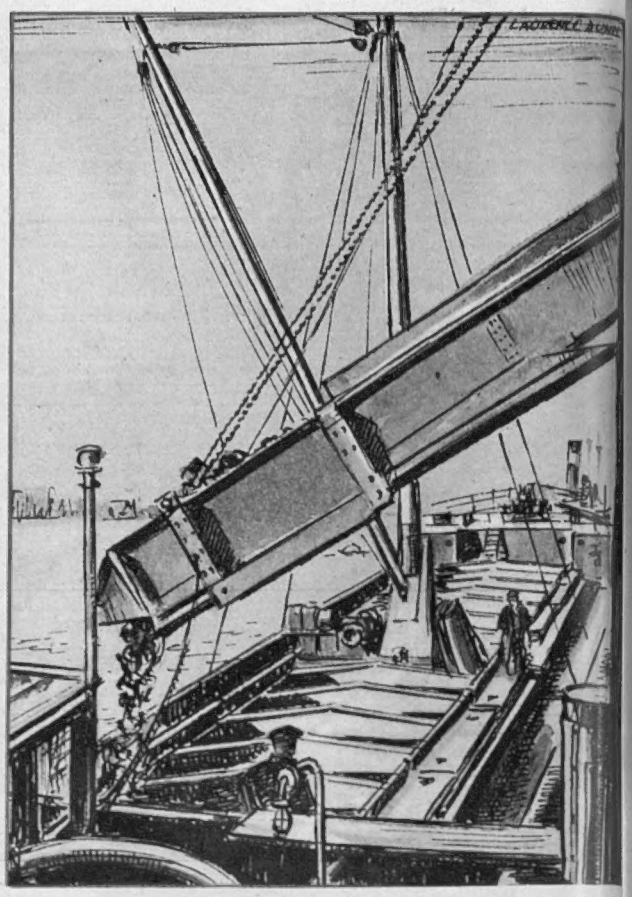


OUTWARD BOUND FROM THE THAMES : This Cory collier, typical of some of the vessels which bring coal to London's gas works and power stations, is seen proceeding downstream after leaving Royal Albert Dock Jetty, where she discharged her cargo. Once on the tideway again, one of the first things to be done is to get rid of the inevitable film of coal-dust, and a deckhand is seen hosing her down from stem to stern. In his drawings on these pages Laurence Dunn gives his impressions of various vessels in London's collier fleet, showing how the "flat-irons" have been specially adapted for speedy loading in the Tyne and South Wales ports and for speedy discharge in the Thames



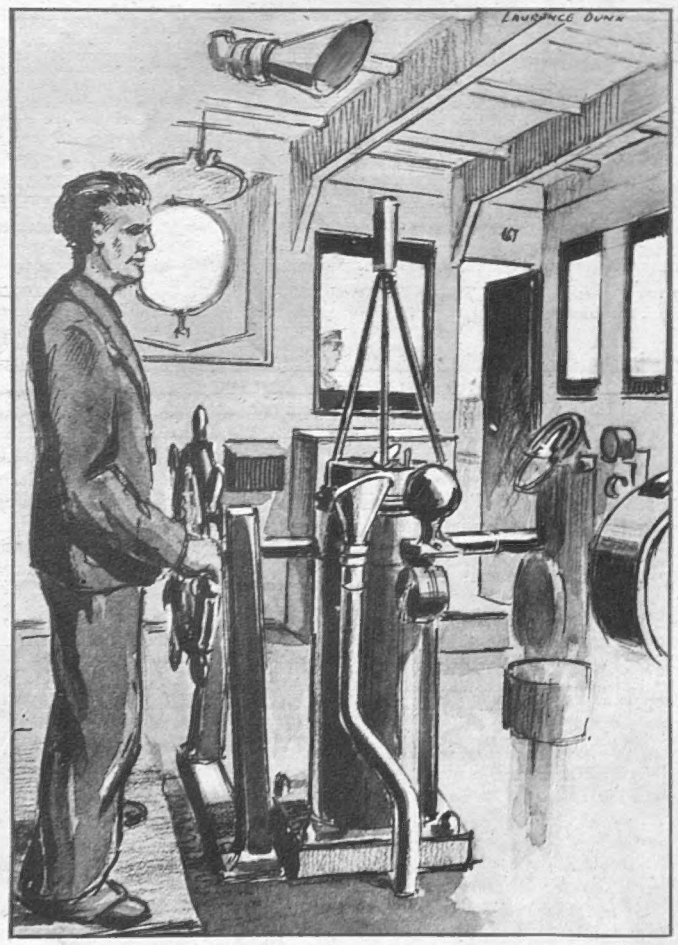
THE MOTOR COASTER "CAMROUX III" LOADING COAL AT COMMISSIONERS STAITHS, ON THE TYNE : With a deadweight of only 400 tons, a coaster like this can load and be away within a few hours, perhaps on the same tide. Thanks to hinged mast and squat superstructure, she can negotiate low bridges and she can often be seen as far up the Thames as Fulham. Note the hatch-covers piled up at the sides of the hatches to save spilling of coal

A Sphere *Artist*

WITH LONDON'S COLLIER FLEET

Life Aboard the Ships Which Supply the Thamesside Gas Works and Power Stations

—Drawings by Laurence Dunn



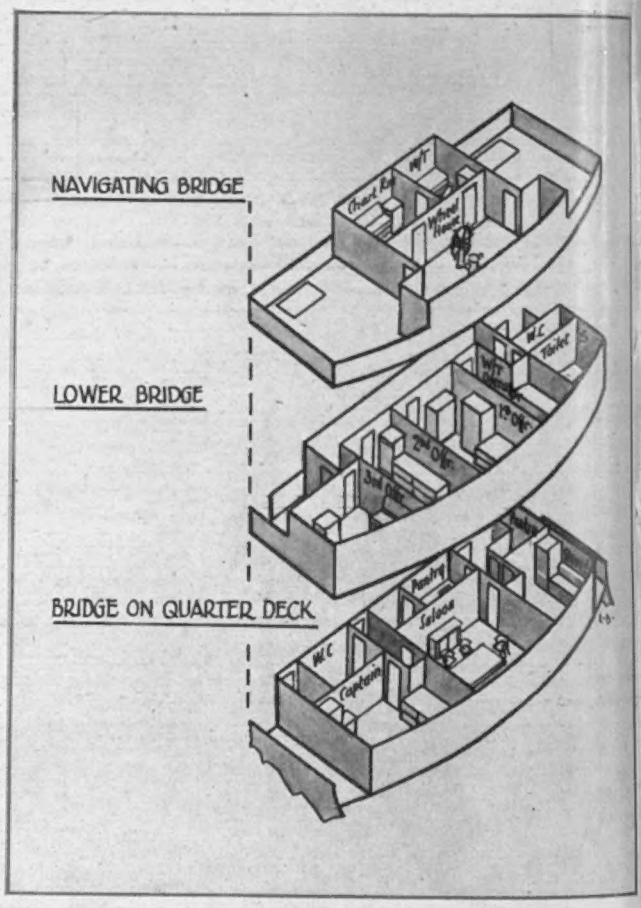
ON DUTY IN THE WHEELHOUSE OF A MODERN 2,000-TON COLLIER : Gone are the small wartime slits of windows and the plastic armour outside. Cheerful cream paint now adorns the wheelhouse walls

The fuel crisis during the winter focused attention upon the vital work of Britain's collier fleet plying from South Wales ports and North-East Coast ports to the Thames. How the collier skippers and their crews fought their way through the February gales and ice-floes so that London power stations were able to build up their stocks again is now a matter of history, as also is their wartime record, when these same men braved the perils of the coast and had more than weather to contend with. Laurence Dunn has been sailing with the collier fleet, and his drawings on these pages give an intimate insight into the nature of its work.

The colliers, declares Mr. Dunn, can be likened in some ways to miniature liners, in that they are regular traders, keeping to the one service for which they were designed, with but occasional diversions to other routes.

The life on a regular collier offers many advantages to officers and men, nearly all of whom have probably served before in deep-sea vessels and experienced the resulting long, extended voyages of months or possibly years. Now, on a run which varies but little each time and which in fair weather may only take a day, like that from London to Tyne, or last about eighty hours if the ship be bound for a South Wales port, the men can be sure of frequent opportunities of getting home.

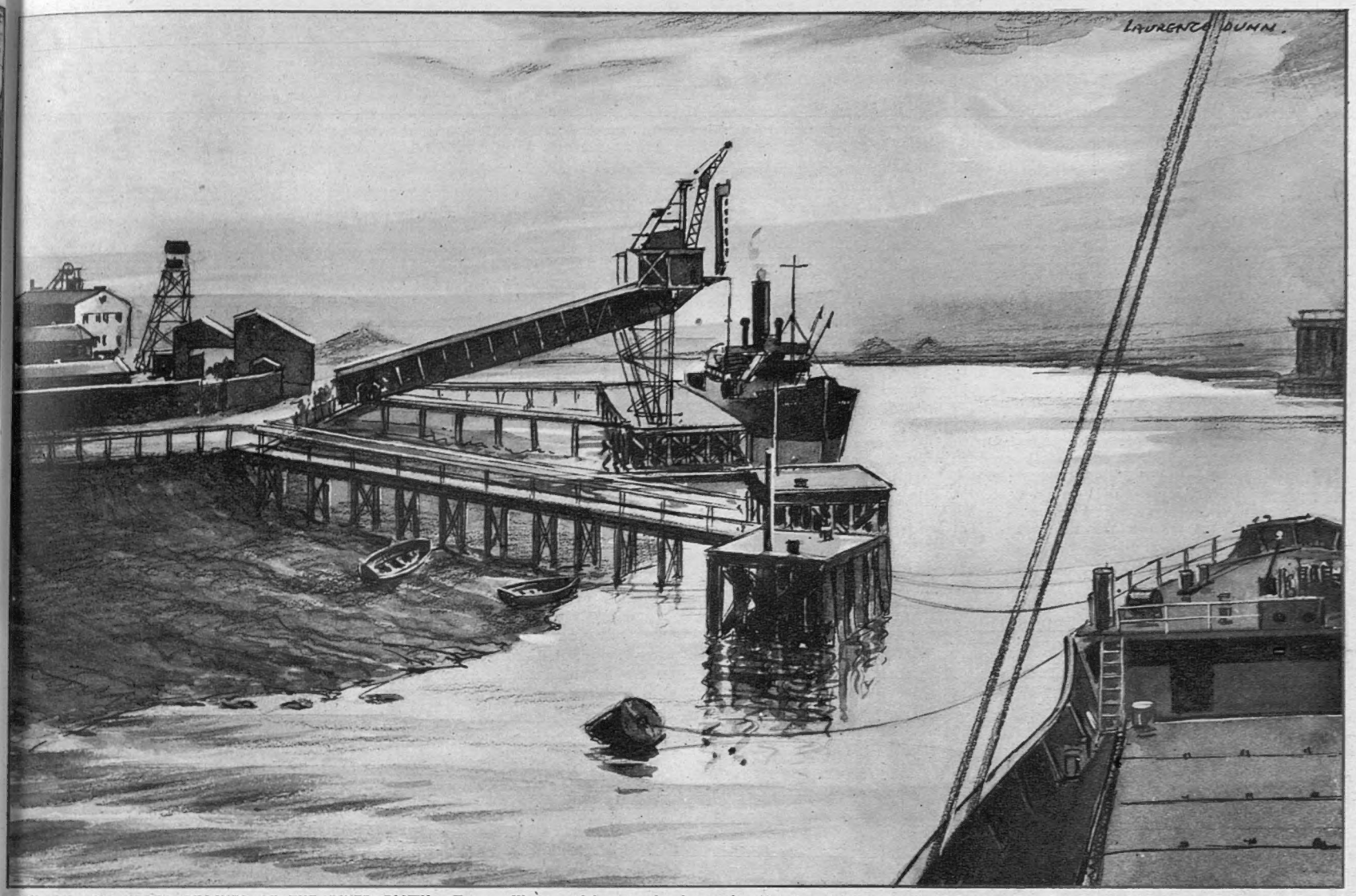
Inevitably, periods of loading and discharging are grimy ones, unless, perhaps, the cargo is of washed coal, and all ports and doors are best kept tightly closed. Provided that the cargo for the ship is delivered to the staith in a steady flow, loading need not take overlong. Discharging, too, need not take many hours, and a thorough hosing soon rids the exterior of the ship of the layer of coal-dust which has collected.



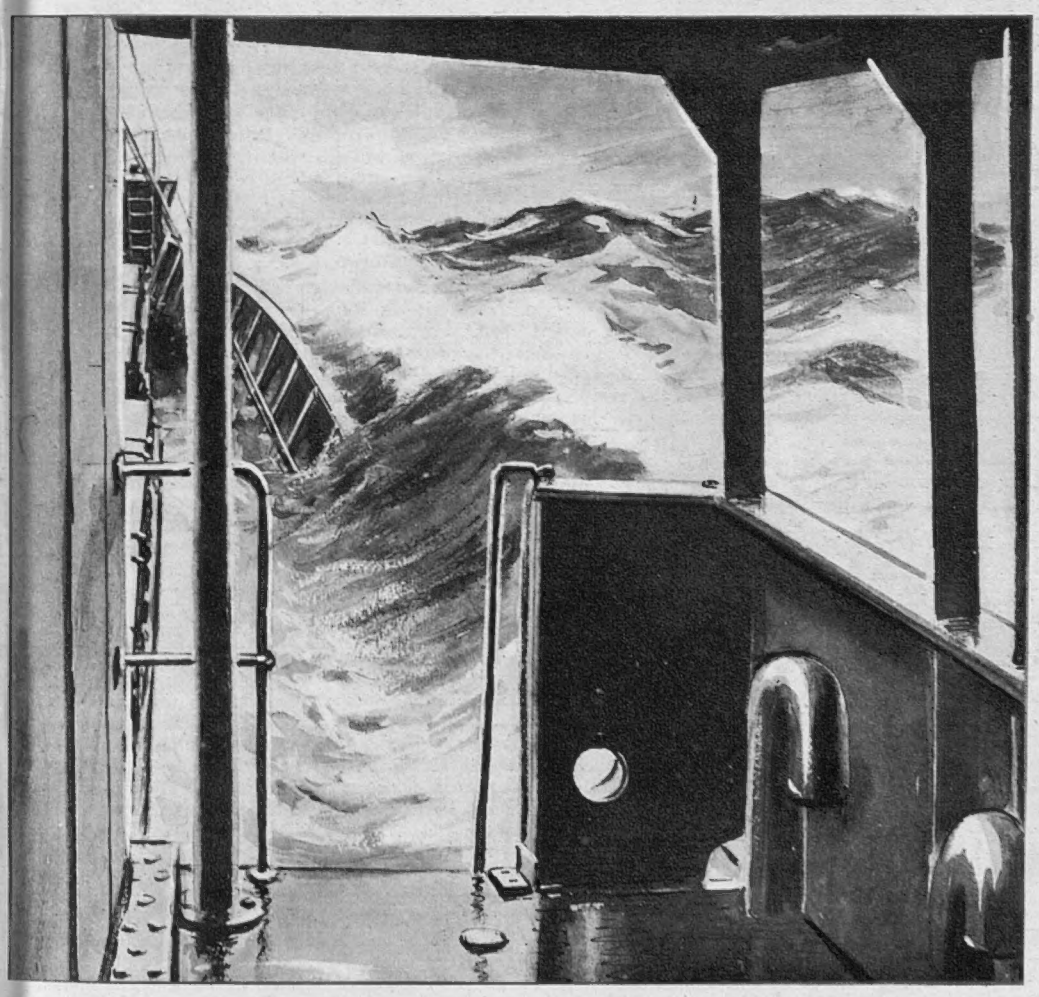
ACCOMMODATION IN A MODERN COLLIER : A medium-size vessel, capable of lifting a cargo of some 2,500 tons of coal, will have a crew of about two dozen. In the bridge structure, three tiers high, are accommodated the captain, two or three officers, the wireless operator and their steward. The rest of the crew have their accommodation aft, on either side of the engine casing. This diagrammatic drawing shows a typical arrangement of the bridge

Accommodation on board is good, particularly in the new ships; so good, in fact, that the men are encouraged to serve for long periods, with a corresponding increase in efficiency and "mateyness." Steel hatch-covers, which are a feature of most modern ships, make for extra safety and obviate all the labour of removing the tarpaulins, the numerous wooden hatch-covers, and perhaps the steel beams underneath each time a ship enters or leaves port. The new ones slide on rollers and are pulled back by the aid of a winch.

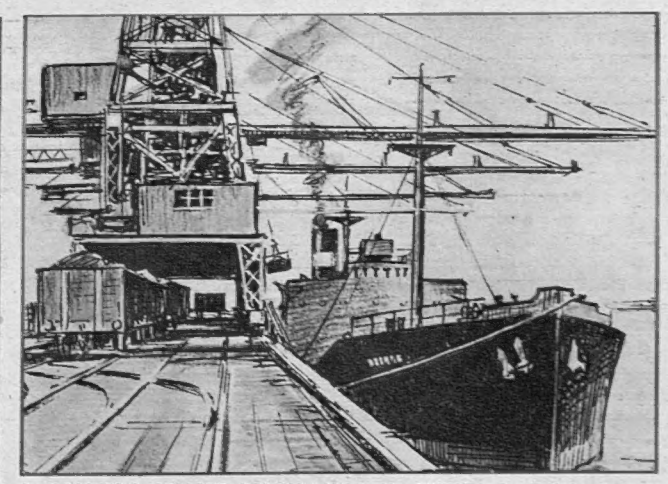
As regards size, a typical large-size collier, built since the war, will have a gross tonnage of about 2,800 and a cargo capacity of over 4,000 tons.



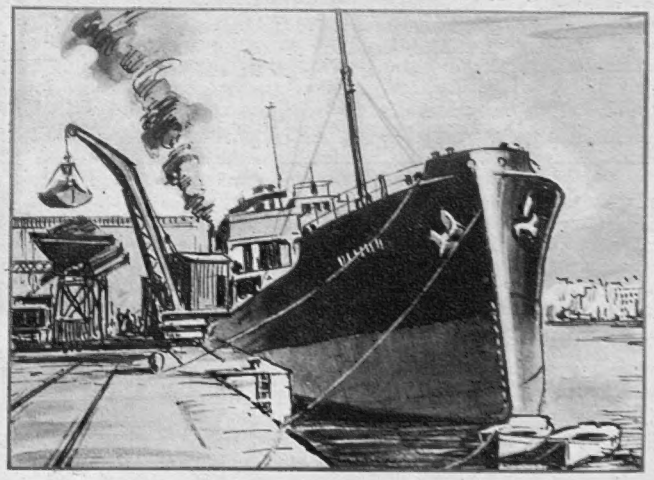
DUSK ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE RIVER BLYTH: Two colliers waiting to load at the Northumbrian port which supplies London with part of her vital coal requirements. The port of Blyth lies about 10 miles to the North-East of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Behind and downstream, the river narrows and is almost invariably full of bustle and activity. These top berths, depicted by Mr. Dunn, are away from the town and somewhat isolated. Alongside the jetty ahead is an older-type collier, with machinery amidships. In some instances, as here, the coal is mined within a few minutes' walk from the loading staith, with a resulting saving in transport costs. Time frequently has to be spent waiting for a berth, or perhaps for the coal to arrive—it may come from several different sources. Correspondingly, the colliers sometimes have to wait in the Thames, no berth being available on arrival. In such cases the colliers will tie up at the various tiers of buoys at Erith, Greenhithe, Gallions or Woolwich, to name a few



A "FLAT-IRON" ENCOUNTERS STORMY WEATHER IN THE NORTH SEA: Typical winter conditions on the trip from the Tyne to the Thames. On modern colliers the bridge is placed just forward of amidships, at the after end of the well-deck and at the commencement of the long, raised quarter-deck, which reaches to the stern. Now that the crew are berthed in good quarters aft and the fo'c'sle is only used as a store, the well-deck seldom has to be traversed, and the fact that it may be awash causes little or no discomfort. Modern-type washports—long, open slits in the bulwarks—free the decks more quickly, but also let the water in more readily than the old-fashioned but easily-damaged type with hinged flaps



A 4,000-TON COLLIER DISCHARGING AT ERITH: A well-equipped Thames-side jetty showing a moving crane unloading coal from the holds. The cranes are fitted with 5-ton grabs



DISCHARGING IN ITS MORE PRIMITIVE FORM: A mechanical grab unloading coal at a port off the usual run of the collier fleet. Compared with the elaborate equipment at the great Thames-side jetties, this is slow, and it will be seen that the crane can barely reach across the ship

A TIME FOR STOCKTAKING IN JAPAN

What General MacArthur Has Achieved During Nearly Two Years of Largely American Occupation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

FOR one who lays such heavy stress upon timing, Field Marshal Montgomery could hardly have improved upon August as his choice for meeting General MacArthur in Japan. A memorable meeting in itself, bringing together for the first time, as it will, the hero of Britain's war and the hero of America's, the second anniversary month of Hiroshima marks a definite stage in the Occupation of Japan, a time for stocktaking and projection.

No two men could discuss it more profitably on behalf of their respective countries, which in this case is tantamount to saying for the rest of the world as well. In externals there may not be much resemblance between the two: "The Magnificent MacArthur" designing his own uniforms and living in regal state, and "Monty" preferring battle-dress on all occasions and, where possible, a caravan with singing birds. But look farther, and the firmness of the first handclasp will be apparent.

MacArthur sent the same thrill—sustained thrill—through America on his journey from Bataan to Melbourne and, in three years, from Melbourne to Tokio, as Montgomery did with us on his journey in a like period from Alamein to Luneberg Heath. Each developed around his own aloofness a small clique of adoring servitors, and each took over the direction of a major Occupation. Each are soldiers first but inescapably qualified in men's minds to tread a wider stage because the problems of the distraught hour are peculiarly susceptible to the foresight, method, discipline and inspiration they themselves personify.

Lord Montgomery will come up from Canberra, where he will have acquainted himself with the kind of terms for peace with Japan, which the Australians propose to debate among themselves at a preliminary conference in that capital next month. He will arrive in a Tokio where only "The MacArthur Era," past and future, is known, where Australian and British objections to the American grant of mining rights to Japanese on a Pacific island, and whaling rights to Japanese in the Antarctic, are brushed aside.

Nor will the prestige-laden visitor need to be told the reason; he will only have to glance around. Down in one corner he will review the British Commonwealth Forces, a small remnant, indeed, beside the 8th American Army. The small part which Britain has played not only militarily, but politically and economically, will be borne in upon him. We simply could not afford it in any way. We who used to be so rooted in the business life of Japan, will precisely be fighting next month to recover some of our due when General MacArthur allows the first 400 foreign businessmen back into Japan—on terms excessively favourable to the American contingent.

For the Fact mounts over Japan as once did the Rising Sun. International bodies were created—the Four-Power Allied Council in Japan and the Far Eastern Commission of eleven nations in Washington—but the whole Occupation has been conducted by the United States in the form of directives conceived by the Magnificent One and handed down by his little court of military mandarins to forty-six Japanese prefectures for application to the overcrowded populace.

And why not? ask the Americans. Wasn't Japan "their show" all along? Haven't they footed the huge bill for Occupation costs? Aren't they feeding the Japanese at vast expense? Isn't almost the entire business of Occupation—the democratisation and re-education, demilitarisation and de-Zaibatsuation (purging of the equivalent of Nazi industrial bosses)—isn't it all in the hands of U.S. military and political echelons? Have even the Russians objected? Then why should the British?

And the extraordinary thing about it is that the Russians have *not* objected. Rather have they been approving of the all-American effort in Japan on the rare occasions that they 've said anything at all. Only last week the Soviet representative on the Washington Commission approved "the basic occupation policy for Japan."

The Americans say this is only natural, since the Russians having been given the Kurile Islands, have nothing more coming to them. Others hold a different view. Remembering how the Red Army claims to have won the Japanese war, they believe Moscow is lying low, the better to nurse a growing if quiescent Japanese Communism, fruit of Occupation tribulations, emotions and deceptions.

In a Strand tavern well known for its visitors from distant parts, I was fortunate to run into an American friend who had recently been in Japan and had just come from Germany, so naturally I asked the obvious question: "What resemblance were there in the two Occupations and where did they go wide apart?" Without hesitation came the reply:

"There 's no MacArthur in Germany and no Iron Curtain in Japan—not even a Berlin."

"Mind you," he went on, "it 's a long business, the answer to your question. It doesn't take long to see a whole gang of similarities, though you 've got to go carefully with them. Take food, housing and exports-imports, the Germans' main topics. I suppose they lead off, too, in Japan. Rice and fish only make small and puny human beings when taken in sufficiency. When fishermen and farmers grow rich on prices the rank and file can only pay intermittently. Why, the result 's hunger. But never as bad as in German cities, I 'll say that.

"Many insist housing is the bigger problem. Over 4,000,000 new homes are wanted—partly because we 've been so efficient in repatriating 5,000,000 Japs, quite a few of whom had been soldiering abroad for years! Food and housing are really lumped together under 'over-population,' or Japan's biggest problem. It means a 20 per cent. agricultural deficit. It also means a perpetual argument regarding the best way to solve things. Should it be by emigration, by birth control, by expanding industry and trade, or by a combination of all three?

"The present Jap Government is calling out for *lebensraum*. They lost nearly one-half of their land area and want to settle in new places—don't laugh, the Magnifico might do something even about that. Touching birth control, that comes right up against MacA's pet crusade to Christianise the Japs. It 'll be a long time before 40,000,000 Buddhists and 11,000,000 Shintoists see the light, yet it 's a fact that the Christian Japs exercise an influence way beyond their tiny numbers.

"The main emphasis now is on solution No. 3. Next month MacArthur starts an all-out plan to boost Japanese exports so that the Occupation costs shall be covered. He is dividing exportable goods and produce into stuff sold by government to government and that sold privately, and reckons the Japs should be put in a position to buy abroad at least 15 per cent. of what they want—must have—to tick over. He is piling in the chief thing, fertilisers, and may press Washington to give a loan. Of course, MacArthur's plans for Japan cut into Marshall's for Europe."

Long before this, as you may imagine, my pencil had been busy, and it was as well, for there was much more to come. Such as that General MacArthur thought the Occupation could be wound up by the end of 1949, that thereafter all that would be required would be watching forces on islands like Okinawa and an inspectorate operating in Japan; and that the peace treaty which could come separately from elsewhere should be a liberal one.

If U.N.O. declined to enforce it, then the Washington Commission should do so—in other words, the shadow of MacArthur, for he intends to return to the United States as soon as peace is signed.

Meanwhile, the General sees and talks big. He has just gone on record to the effect that Japan has been broken militarily for a century, and that re-education under the new Constitution which he devised may take from twenty to fifty years. He calls the latter "one of the great spiritual reformations of mankind," with its accent on democracy and Christianity on the American models, but critics aver that all he has done is to put out "a good paper framework" and that everything must depend on what the Japanese really think about it, what they will do when left pretty well to themselves again.

At this point one found oneself comparing things with Germany again. The Japanese, it seems, have done precious little to help themselves. Like the youth who thinks the world owes him his keep, Germans and Japanese think they should be kept as long as there are occupying armies, in return for which they are prepared to put up with re-education—school, social and political. The Japanese show even more compliance than the Germans, but in each case the suspicion is strong that nothing is being really "taken in."

There are 18,000,000 children under re-education in Japan, and when asked what most impresses them, they answer, "the school lunch." Just as in Germany. When adults are canvassed in Japan, they point to the dizzy inflation and huge black market and ask: "Is this your democracy?" Just as in Germany. Nor do the Japanese take any interest in the trial of major war criminals now in its umpteenth month in their midst. Just as with Nuremberg. And when it comes to war guilt, the Japanese differ only from the Germans in saying the war was a blunder, not just losing it.

There is even the parallel of the feudal mind in Japan, and the Nazi hangover in Germany. Americans say the former is the real rock on which they beat in vain.

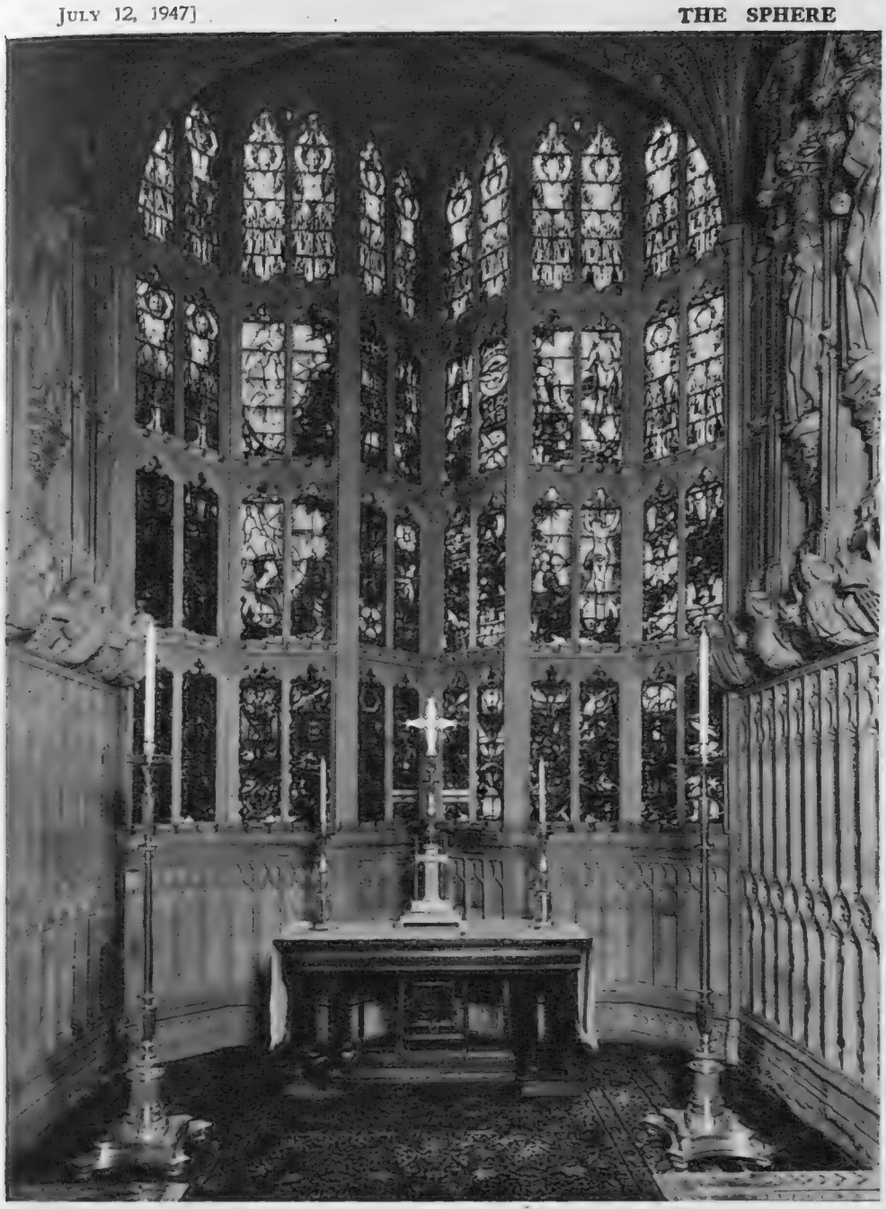
Yet our friends are convinced that they have left some marks in Japan which will stick. They say the working class will never give up the trade union rights which MacArthur has given them; that the new tenant farmers will prove equally adhesive, and that, above all, Japanese women will cling to the freedoms which have been accorded them out of the blue as it were.

Crystallising matters, knowledgeable Americans in Japan consider there is much more unfinished business than the General allows for on his detached heights where the password is "MacArthur can do no wrong." But whatever he has done or intends to do, it is clear that our main efficacy must be a friendly persuasion and that a nine ambassador presently passes by.

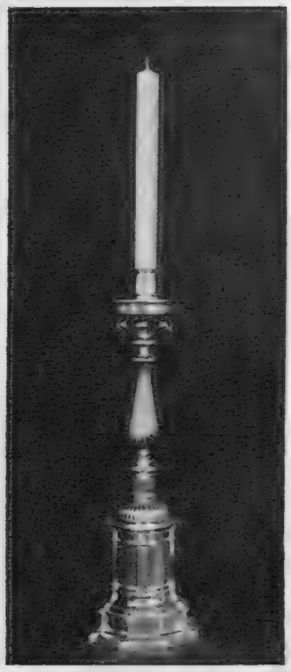
GURKHA TROOPS PASS THROUGH THE STREETS OF HIRO: Members of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force on one of their daily parades—a routine adhered to rigidly in order to keep the Japanese Occupation-minded. The 8th American Army remains the major occupying force, the Commonwealth troops being comparatively few in numbers

THE MAN WHO RULES JAPAN: General Douglas MacArthur seen during his visit to the British Embassy in Tokio for a reception held in honour of the birthday of King George VI. The General is talking to Mr. A. D. F. Gascoigne, head of the United Kingdom Liaison Mission, and Mrs. MacArthur is with Lieut.-General Gairdner and Lieut.-General Eichelberger. General MacArthur plans to bring the occupation to an end with all speed, and believes that Japan, set upon the road to democracy, will not retrogress if left to her own devices

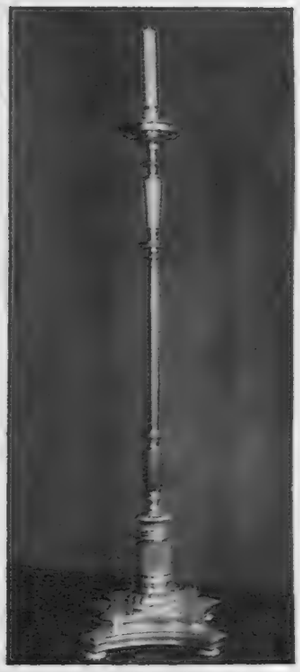
THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL



THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Chapel was built between 1503 and 1519, and is the easternmost of the five small chapels forming the "chevet" of Henry VII's Chapel. It was damaged during the Battle of Britain



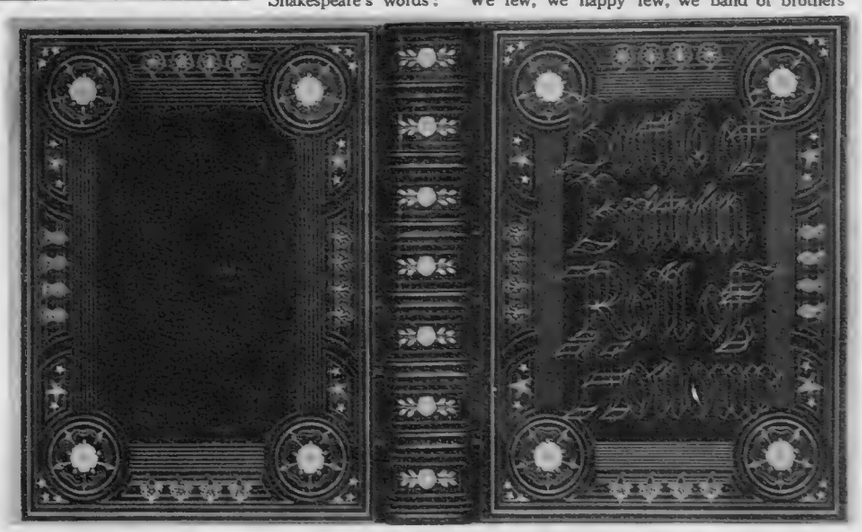
ONE OF THE TWO SILVER ALTAR CANDLESTICKS: They stand either side of the cross, as can be seen in the picture of the Battle of Britain chapel



ONE OF THE TWO SILVER CANDELABRA: They flank the altar and were designed by J. Seymour Lindsay in collaboration with Professor Richardson

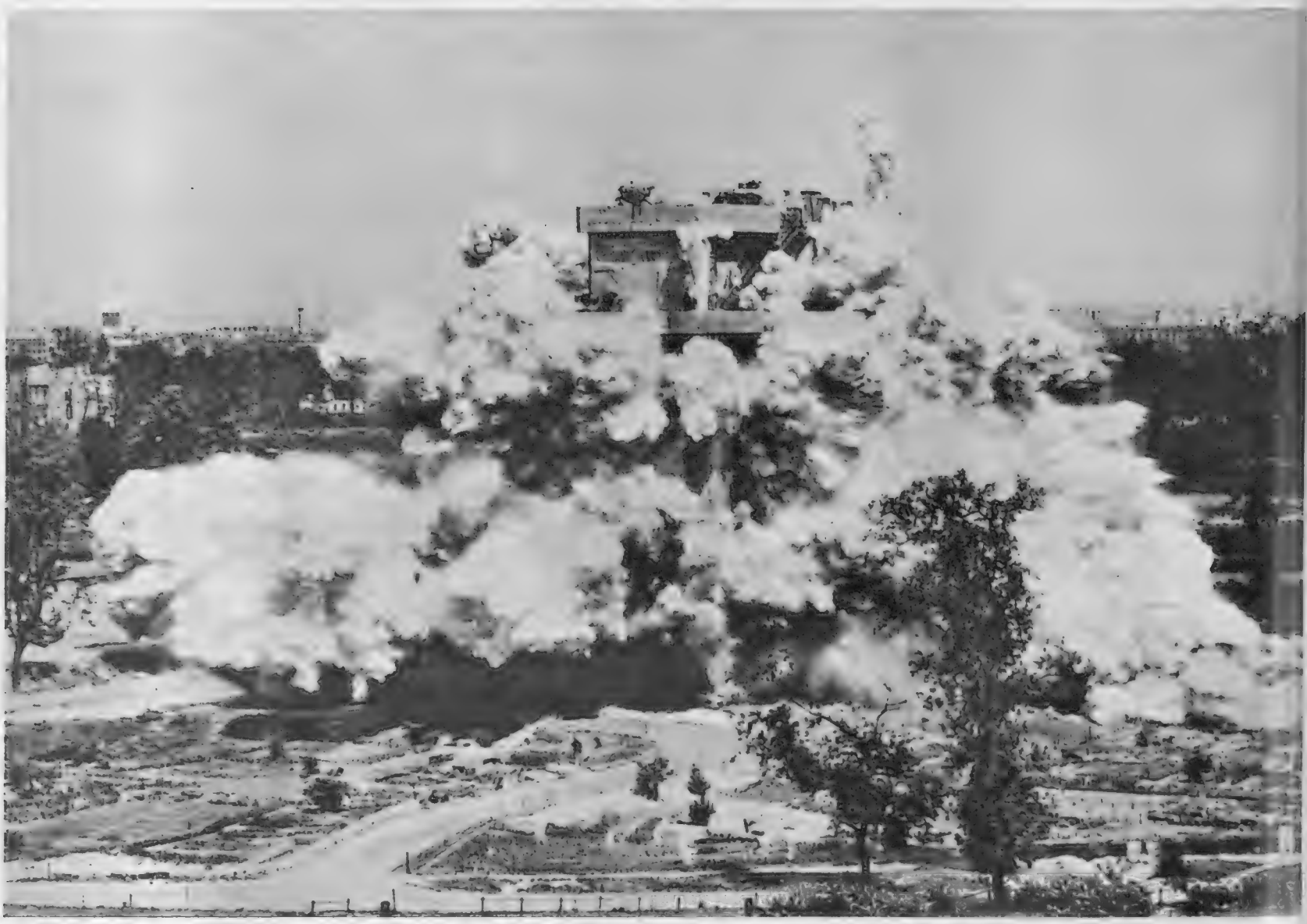
The Chapel, which has been set apart for all time as a memorial to the men of the flying forces who gave their lives in the Battle of Britain, was built between 1503 and 1519. A bomb fragment pierced the east wall in September 1940 and shattered the window. The great new window, which has been designed and made by Hugh Easton, extends across the entire east wall of the chapel and is composed of forty-eight lights. The lower lights contain the badges of the sixty-three fighter squadrons which took part in the battle. Four of the panels show visions symbolising the Redemption. In the upper part of the window, the Heavenly Seraphim are depicted, their hands outstretched to Paradise. At the foot of the window are inscribed Shakespeare's words: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers"

CHAPEL FURNISHINGS—THE CROSS ON THE ALTAR: Made of silver and crystal, it is supported on a plinth and ædicule, and is flanked by the two silver candlesticks. The altar, of English walnut, was designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, R.A.



THE COVERS OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN ROLL OF HONOUR: Conceived and presented to the nation by Bruce S. Ingram, this magnificent example of book-making was illuminated by Miss D. Alcock. The Roll of Honour is on parchment and bound in blue leather

PAGES FROM THE ROLL OF HONOUR: The Roll of Honour records the names of the 1,495 pilots and crew killed during the Battle of Britain. 449 were in Fighter Command, 718 in Bomber Command, 280 in Coastal Command, 14 in other R.A.F. Commands, and 34 in the Fleet Air Arm. The names include 1,298 from the United Kingdom and the Colonies, 47 Canadians, 47 New Zealanders, 35 Poles, 24 Australians, 20 Czechoslovaks, 17 South Africans, 6 Belgians and 1 American



THE BERLIN BUNKER AT THE MOMENT OF THE MULTIPLE DETONATIONS—VAST SMOKE-CLOUDS BURSTING FROM THE AIR-RAID SHELTER AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT TOWER NEAR THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AS IT WAS BLOWN UP BY THE PIONEER CORPS: With walls 18 ft. thick, this bunker sheltered thousands of Berliners during the Allied raids, and it has now been destroyed under the Army's fortification demolition programme

BLOWING UP A BERLIN BUNKER

And Other News from the Occupied Zones of Germany

During the war Britain adhered to the principle of deep shelters, Londoners for the most part using the Underground system, but in several German cities the sky shelter was employed, its massive, windowless walls being capable of resisting everything but a direct hit from a "block-buster." These massive "sky" shelters served a dual purpose, for nearly all of them were surmounted by anti-aircraft batteries, the gunners thus being provided with a first-rate field of vision for low-angle fire

THE BERLIN BUNKER BEFORE AND AFTER DEMOLITION: *Left*—The massive concrete building which offered shelter to Berliners during Allied raids and at the same time served as a gun-battery emplacement for anti-aircraft units. *Right*—The tower after it had been blown up by the Pioneer Corps. It will be seen that the entire summit of the block pancaked to the ground more or less intact. The network of steel projecting from the rubble in the foreground gives some idea of the extent of reinforcement in the 18-ft.-thick walls. Shelters such as this were built by slave labour operating under the Todt and Speer organisations

NOW IN CHARGE OF UNITED STATES OCCUPATION AFFAIRS IN GERMANY: Charles E. Saltzmann, vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, who has been appointed by President Truman to be an Assistant Secretary of State with German administration as his department. Mr. Saltzmann was a West Point graduate and a Rhodes Scholar. During the war he rose to be a Brigadier-General

THIS FEMINIST IS A NEW FORCE IN GERMAN POLITICS: Frau Maria von Bredow, whose "New Party" has now been launched with the consent of the Allied Governments

On left—Frau von Bredow emerges to-day as leader of Germany's "New Party," and her slogan is "Equal Political Rights for Women." Her party is open to men and women. Frau von Bredow's political past is interesting. In the late '20's she attempted to mobilise the Conservative German National People's Party against Hitler, but failed. In 1932 she claims that she told von Papen, to whom she had once been secretary, to beware of Hitler. After 1933, when Hitler came to power, the Gestapo watched Frau von Bredow ceaselessly, searching her apartment on countless occasions and subjecting her to intensive interrogation. Eventually she abandoned political life, realising that it was hopeless to persist, and she went to live on her father's Pomeranian estate. When the Russians reached Pomerania in 1945, Frau von Bredow made her way to the western zones

A CELEBRATED BERLIN DEPARTMENT STORE HAS RETURNED TO BUSINESS: Wertheims' was badly blitzed by the Allied bombers and seven of the floors are completely out of action. Two floors have been partially repaired, however, and a temporary façade has been put up at street-level. Berlin is flowing with marks, mostly the Occupation variety, but there is little or nothing to buy these days

THE APPOINTMENT OF BERLIN'S NEW MAYOR CREATES A STORM OF CONTROVERSY: This was the scene in the City Assembly as Herr Ernst Reuter made his inaugural address. He had just been elected by the combined votes of three parties, but in opposition to the Russian viewpoint, the Russians declaring that his anti-Soviet attitude made him unacceptable to them. Since the election the Russians have persisted in their objections, and, as a result, the Allied Commandants of Berlin decided to refer the matter to the Control Council

THE CASE OF ALFRED LORITZ: The Bavarian de-Nazification Minister (right) leaving a Munich meeting of the W.A.V. (Bavaria's Economic Reconstruction Party) after he had been ousted from the chairmanship of the party following a vote forced by his fellow-W.A.V. members. Loritz had previously been very much in the news because he ordered the arrest of the wives of many of the former Nazi leaders, and several of them have already stood trial before de-Nazification courts

A Foreign News Survey

SEÑORA PERON IN ROME

Dr. Figl Revisits the Scene of His Ordeal; De Gaulle's Anti-Soviet Speech; The U.S. Sends an Ambassador to India

THE FIRST LADY OF THE ARGENTINE MEETS THE LEADERS OF POST-WAR ITALY: Señora Eva Duarte Peron is greeted by Premier de Gasperi while Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, looks on. The occasion was a luncheon given by the Italian Government in the ancient Villa Madama, a building which has not been used for a State function since the last visit of Joachim von Ribbentrop. Señora Peron's European tour began in Spain, where she was the guest of General Franco, and was fêted both in Seville and Madrid. In Italy her reception was hardly less enthusiastic, and her visit to the Vatican (as depicted on the left) aroused the widest interest when she appeared in a simple gown of black crêpe and took part in ceremonies reserved for the wives of heads of State and formerly for Queens. Señora Peron, after rumours of a cancellation of her visit to London, let it be known that she would arrive in mid-July

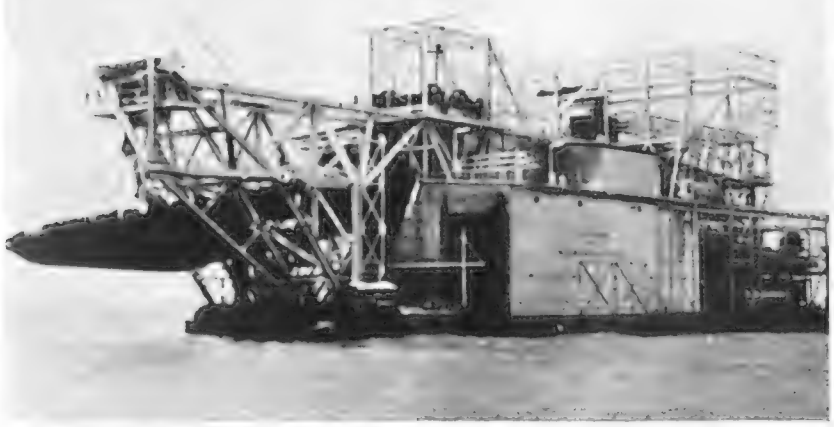
SEÑORA EVA DUARTE DE PERON AT ST. PETER'S: The wife of Argentina's President, whose European tour has been so sensational, being accompanied by Prince Alessando Ruspoli, Grand Master of the Sacred Hospice, on arrival at the Vatican, where she took part in a series of ceremonies. For her audience with the Pope Señora Peron was clad in black crêpe

MARSHAL TITO OPENS THE BRITISH BOOK EXHIBITION IN BELGRADE: The head of the Yugoslavian State seen with the British Air Minister, Mr. Philip Noel Baker (centre), and the British Ambassador, Mr. Charles Peake (right), as he toured the stands. The exhibition, it is understood, has resulted in large orders for British books. Mr. Noel Baker flew from England in order to be present for the opening

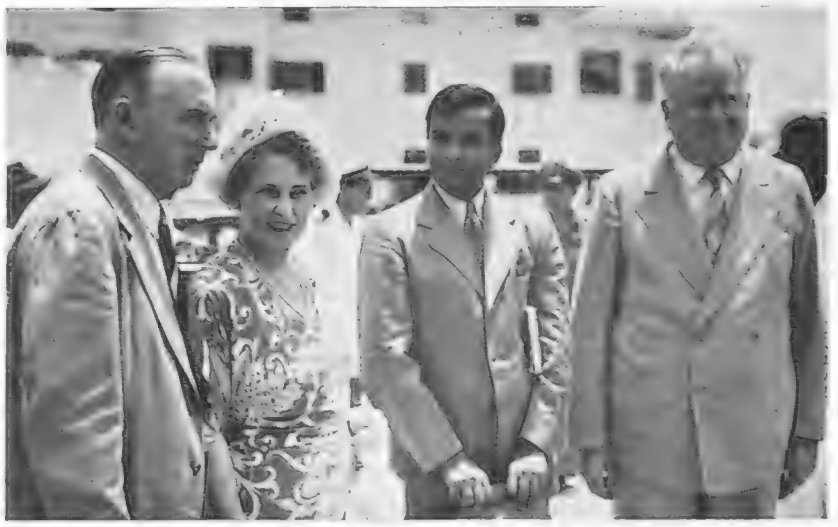
THE CLIMAX OF THE SERVICE AS A NEW PRINCE OF THE CHURCH IS CONSECRATED IN ROME: Monsignor Kyne, Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome, prostrate before the altar in the Church of St. Ignatius at the climax of the ceremony in which he was consecrated Bishop of Meath. Officiating at the ceremony were Raffaele Cardinal Carlo Rossi and Bishop Ilario Alocini. They are seen before the altar. The former Bishop of Meath was the Most Rev. John F. D'Alton, who became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. The new Bishop comes from Longwood, County Meath

WHERE 122,000 MEN OF SEVENTEEN NATIONS DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS: Dr. Figl (centre), the Austrian Prime Minister, seen with fellow-members of his Cabinet, American, British and Russian officers, and former inmates of the camp as they climbed the notorious stairway of death at Mauthausen. This former German concentration camp lies in the Russian Zone of Austria, and when this picture was taken it was being officially handed over to the Austrian Government by the Red Army. During the German occupation of Austria, Dr. Figl was himself imprisoned at Mauthausen, being kept in solitary confinement in a cell near the gas chamber, and he himself was compelled with many others to climb the Totesstiege, carrying a stone weighing between 100 and 150 lbs. If anyone faltered during the climb, it was the custom of the Nazi guards to shoot him. The ordeal was imposed on the inmates after working in the quarries

THE APPROACH TO THE TOTESSTIEGE: This was the deadly stairway up which the inmates of Mauthausen camp had to carry weighty stones under the gaze of their Nazi guards



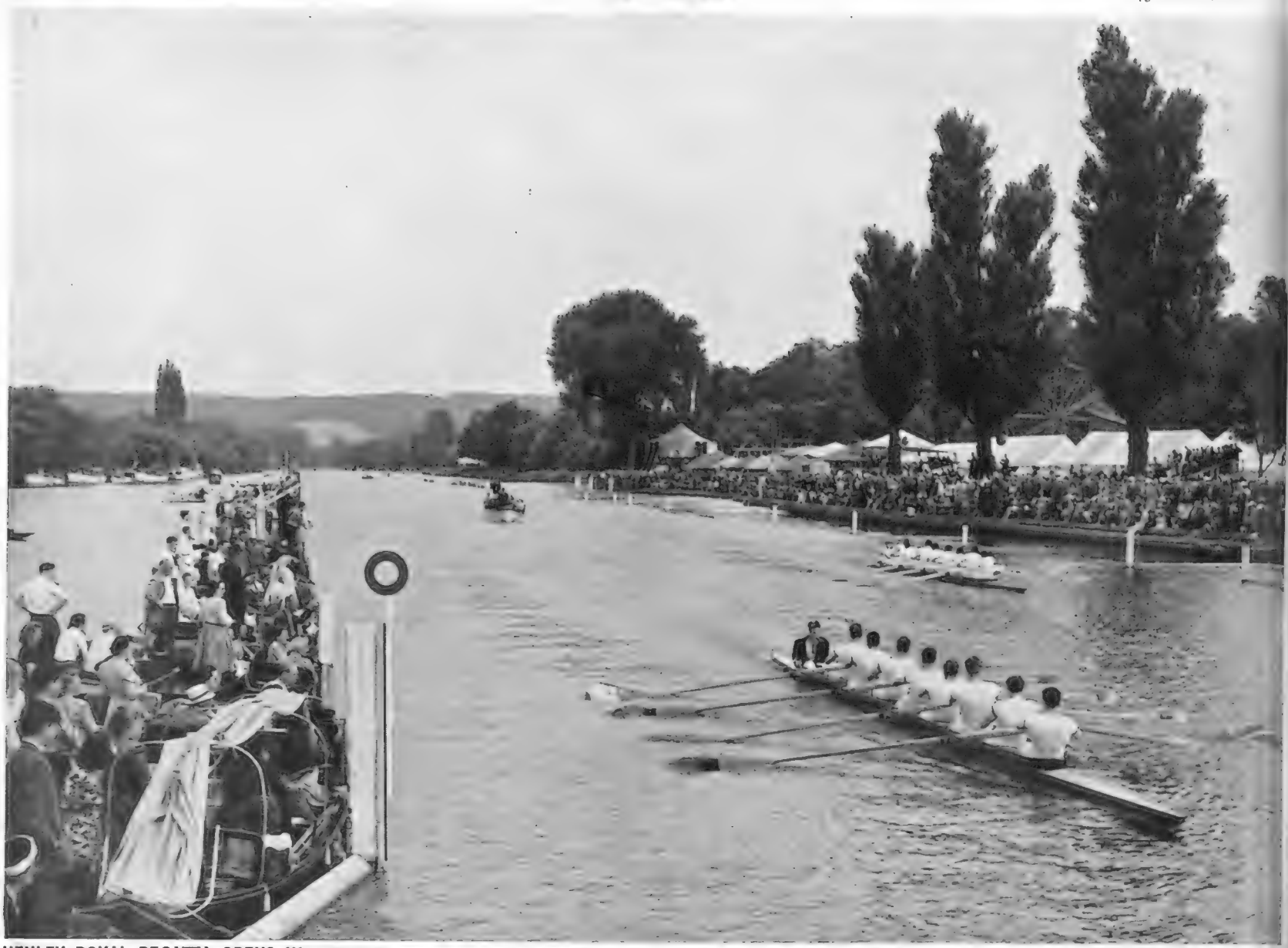
A TIN DREDGER COMPLETES A RECORD JOURNEY: The "Stuyvesant" on arrival at Bangka, Dutch East Indies, after the United States tug "Watch Hill" had set up a world towing record by taking it 15,000 miles from Tampa, Florida. The dredger, which weighs 4,000 tons, is 265 ft. long and 76 ft. wide, was built at Tampa for the Dutch Billiton Company. A picture of its launching appeared in THE SPHERE last year. The dredger began its journey to the East Indies in March



THE FIRST UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO INDIA: Dr. Henry Grady is greeted at Willingdon Airport, Delhi, after flying from the United States to take up his appointment. Howard Donovan (left), Counsellor to the American Embassy; Mrs. Grady, Mr. P. A. Menon, Joint Secretary of India's External Affairs Department, and Dr. Grady (right) posing for the Press after the Ambassador's arrival. On July 1 Dr. Grady presented letters of credence to the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten

"THIS IS OUR COUNTRY": A masked Jew watched by a great crowd in the centre of Yarkon Street, Tel Aviv, as, with the aid of a girl colleague, he raised a banner on to the telegraph-wires. In the background is the Gat Rimmon Hotel, where members of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine were lunching when the incident occurred. During its stay in Palestine the Committee has gone to the length of telegraphing the United Nations Secretary-General giving its views regarding a death sentence passed by a British military court

GENERAL DE GAULLE IS STUMPING THE COUNTRY: The leader of the new party in France addressing a vast crowd on the occasion of his visit to Lille. The crowd remained silent when he paid tribute to Russia's wartime sacrifices and the valour of her people, and cheered wildly when de Gaulle attacked Russia's post-war tactics. The speech was delivered just when Mr. Molotov, Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault were finding it impossible to reach agreement in Paris, and de Gaulle's opponents were quick to label his utterance as ill-considered and ill-timed



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA OPENS IN SUNSHINE—THE FINISH OF A THAMES CHALLENGE CUP HEAT, WITH KENT SCHOOL, U.S.A., COMING IN CLEAR WINNERS FROM MAIDENHEAD ROWING CLUB: There was a good attendance and some fine racing, and there were enough foreign entries to give the regatta its pre-war international flavour. Kent School, winners of the cup, are a somewhat ungainly-looking crew, but the heave upon which they concentrate at the finish of the stroke undoubtedly provides pace

A CROWDED WEEK OF SPORT

Henley, Bisley, the Open Championship, and Other Events

There may be a mid-week ban on some sports, but it is not altogether noticeable, and last week, with rowing at Henley, shooting at Bisley, lawn tennis at Wimbledon, and golf at Hoylake, there was a very full programme. Some of the events of this crowded week are depicted on these pages. The Wimbledon Championships are dealt with on pages 50 and 51 of this issue

TABOR ACADEMY HAVE AN EASY WIN: The young American crew leaving their rivals out of the picture as they swept up to the finishing-post in the Thames Challenge Shield at Henley. In this heat they beat the Imperial College Boat Club ("B" crew), revealing the same robust characteristics of style as their American colleagues from Kent School. In the final, held last Saturday, Kent beat Tabor by five lengths

MIXED CRICKET IN A SURREY SETTING: Miss M. Lowe bowling during a trial match between a strong women's team and the Haslemere Cricket Club, played recently on the Haslemere ground. Miss Lowe and four other members of the team are probables for the forthcoming Australian tour by Englishwomen. Most of the women play in shorts

SHOOTING FOR THE ASHBURTON SHIELD—SOME UNUSUALLY HIGH SCORING AS THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEAMS COMPETE FOR THE COVETED BISLEY TROPHY: *Left*—Members of the Aldenham team (foreground) and other competitors on the 500-yards range, and (*right*) another general view of the shooting in progress. For the first time aperture sights were allowed this year, and this undoubtedly contributed to the general high level of scoring. Winners of the Ashburton Shield were Eton College, who won the trophy with 517 points out of a possible 560, and Glenalmond and Watson's, two of the Scottish Colleges, were second and third. The best individual feat was that of Crockford, of Rugby, who obtained the highest possible score at both ranges

HENRY COTTON HAD A MIGHTY FOLLOWING IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: Accompanied by his wife, and with a great contingent of spectators, the Surrey wizard strides towards the fifth green at Hoylake. In his first round of the Championship proper Cotton returned a brilliant 69, but a strong wind in the last round, when Daly was already home, proved his undoing

HITTING THE "GOLD"—FAIR TOXOPHILITES AT THE WEST OF ENGLAND ARCHERY CHAMPIONSHIPS: Four girl competitors working out the score at the seventy-fourth annual meeting at Salisbury of the Grand Western Archery Society. Archery is gaining in popularity both in London and the Western Counties, and shows signs of achieving once again the status of a national sport

COUNTY CRICKET IN MID-SEASON—GLOUCESTER PURSUE THEIR WINNING WAY IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: Two pictures taken at the Oval during the recent match between Surrey and Gloucestershire. *Left*—Skipper Holmes watches while Bedser and Parker fail to take a catch from Cranfield off Gover's bowling. *Right*—Cranfield himself made no mistake in the first innings when catching Barling off Goddard's bowling. He is seen lying full-length on the ground with the ball firmly grasped in his left hand. The umpire is leaning over to make sure that it is a true catch. This year Gloucestershire are playing magnificent cricket, and at the time of writing they have ousted the brilliant Middlesex in the Championship Table. For a change, Yorkshire are well down the list

BRITAIN'S GREATEST FLYING-BOAT NEARS COMPLETION: The Short-Saro Shetland, built in collaboration with Saunders Roe, on the stocks beside the Medway at Rochester, where she is being assembled for her launching. This commercial prototype has been designed for long-distance operation, having a range of 4,000 miles with a payload of 6,500 lbs. She is a much larger craft than the Solent built for the African routes

THE MAIN CORRIDOR OF THE SHORT-SARO TLAN
INTERIOR ASPECT OF A MINIATURE LINE AY S
COMMERCIAL AVIATION: The picture give idea
largest flying-boat, the second prototype which

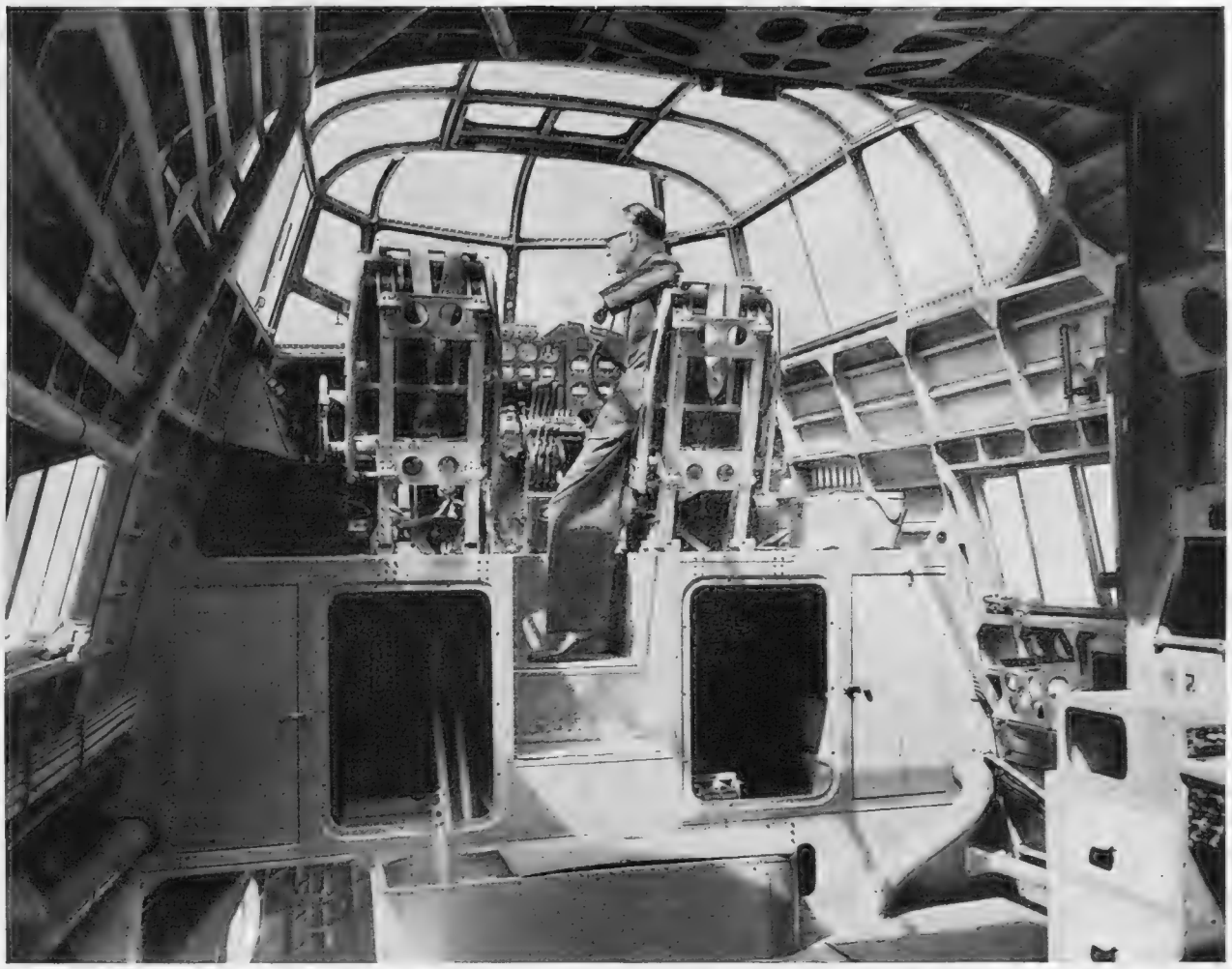
With the close of the Second World War, flying enter upon a new phase. It is now a fully-fledged co mercial proposition and a growing rival to the shippi companies. The capture of the air lanes of the world now Britain's business as much as it was her business be a sea carrier from the fifteenth to the nineteen centuries. Britain is setting about the task with hereditar skill and at least a measure of Elizabethan imaginatio and in the Shetland and the Avro Tudor we have bu two giant Clippers to uphold our prestige. The Shetland about to be launched, and the Tudor VII, no running her trials, are both depicted on these page

THE TUDOR VII RUNS HER TRIALS—THE LATE
engines, each of 1,715 h.p., and these ar cap
by day or twenty-two passengers in sleepi b
air-liner so far completed, the Tudor will uph
comes forward to wrest the limelight and o sh
her wings placed well towards the centre of

TLAND—THIS FLYING-BOAT, WITH THE
AY SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF SAFETY IN
idea of the roominess of our latest and
which is nearing completion at Rochester

TWO NEW GIANTS OF THE AIR

The Short-Saro Shetland and the Avro Tudor VII



THE COCKPIT OF THE SHORT-SARO SHETLAND: The pilot and his co-pilot have seats upon a dais at the summit of the fuselage and in the very front of the Clipper. This commercial prototype is due to be launched before the end of this month, and when she has been handed over to the British Overseas Airways Corporation she will be employed on a series of research flights. It will then be decided upon what routes the Shetland can serve most usefully

ATEST AVRO AIR-LINER CRUISING ABOVE THE CLOUDS DURING A TRIAL TRIP FROM WOODFORD AERODROME, CHESHIRE: The Tudor VII is fitted with Bristol Hercules capable of lifting the aircraft above the weather and carrying sixty passengers over ranges up to 1,750 miles. Over longer distances she can carry forty passengers berths by night. Her top speed is about 300 m.p.h., and owing to the heights at which she is intended to operate she is fully pressurised. As Britain's largest uphold British prestige on the North Atlantic until such time as the Bristol Brabazon, now completing at Filton, where a special hangar is being built for her, show the world that gas turbines are the key to smooth travel. The Tudor, despite her immense bulk, has slender lines, and she is easy to recognise with of the elegant, cigar-shaped fuselage. The Tudor VII, with her Bristol engines, differs from the Tudor II in that the latter is equipped with Rolls-Royce Merlins

AMERICA'S WIMBLEDON: THE CHAMPIONS

And Those Who Fought Their Way to the Semi-Finals

As in 1939, when Riggs and Alice Marble swept all before them, the Americans dominated our finals of 1947, Kramer and Tom Brown, for the men, and Margaret Osborne and Doris Hart for the women. The final between twenty-two-year-old Doris, from Miami and thirty-year-old Margaret, from San Francisco, was no classic, but it produced thrilling tennis and a worthy champion

THE PASSING SHOT THAT CARRIED MISS HART TO THE FINALS : Miss Hart is seen volleying into the centre of the court, and with Miss Brough (left) well out of position, the umpire called game, set and match. It was a fine game to watch. In the final last Saturday Miss Hart went down to her rather stronger opponent, Miss Osborne

SHE ROSE TO CONQUER : Miss Doris Hart resting between one of the sets in her gruelling semi-final against Miss Brough, whom she defeated by markedly superior stroke play

THE EXHAUSTED RIVALS : Doris Hart and Louise Brough seated below the umpire's stand as they rested between sets in their tremendous semi-final encounter. Miss Hart, frail in physique, is regarded by some critics as the most beautiful stroke player since Suzanne Lenglen

SHE ASSUMES THE MANTLE OF PAULINE BETZ : Miss Margaret Osborne, who beat the South African girl, Mrs. Summers, in the semi-final and went on to win the Ladies' Singles Championship from her American rival, Miss Hart. The tremendous pace of Miss Osborne's attack is the secret of her success. It is possible that she will follow Miss Betz and Miss Marble, the two previous American champions, and turn professional

MRS. SUMMERS FOUND THE PACE TOO HOT : This South African fought her way to the semi-finals in brilliant style, but against Miss Osborne she had neither the pace nor the experience. In an earlier match she defeated Miss Todd, of the United States, her powers of return and anticipation contributing to her victory

THE RUNNER-UP, WIMBLEDON, 1947 : Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon, he ranks fourth in the United States. Brown is a law student, and tennis has to take second place. He arrived in England only a few days before the Wimbledon championships, and took some time to warm up

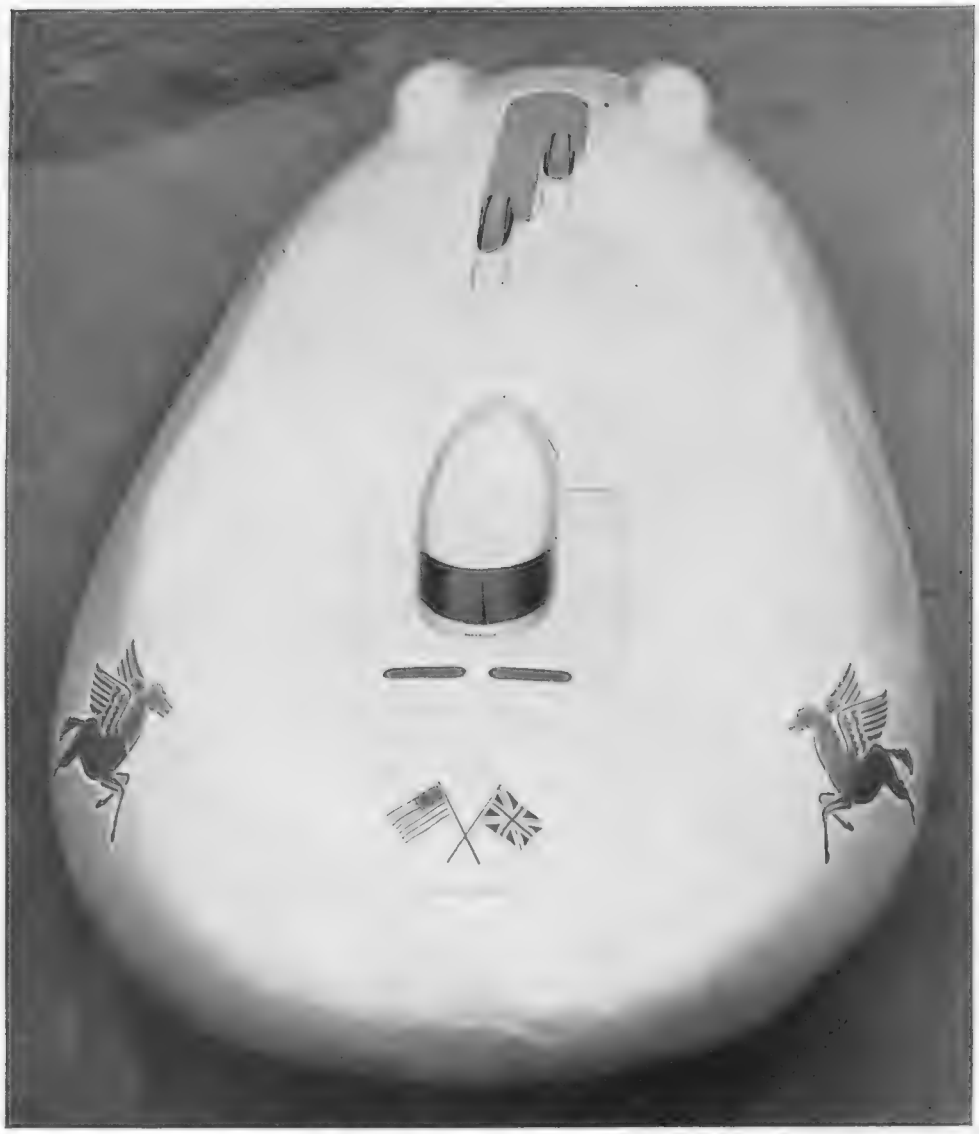
JACK KRAMER CAPTURES THE WIMBLEDON TITLE : The champion in action. Kramer, 6 ft. 1 in. in height, 11 st. in weight, lean and muscular, allies physical fitness to a fine precision in ground shots. Last year he was robbed of the Wimbledon title through a blistered hand, but made sure of the American title

THE PLAYBOY FROM THE WESTERN WORLD ! Budge Patty, aged twenty-three, unseeded at Wimbledon and unranked in the United States, may or may not take his lawn tennis seriously—that is a matter of opinion—but he was good enough to beat both Bromwich and Drobny, only failing on the score of pace when he met Brown in the semi-finals

HE TOOK A SET FROM KRAMER : The Australian champion, Dinny Pails, seen hitting the ball with his hand after dropping his racket. He reached the semi-finals, and for an instant looked as if he would make a match of it against the champion, but Kramer finished the last two sets in very quick time. Pails has been only three years in top tennis. He was the Australian champion in 1946

A HOME NEWS SURVEY

John Cobb and the World Speed Record—Herriot in London —Restoring Bow Church—The Franklin House Opened



JOHN COBB PREPARES TO SMASH THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD : This is the rebuilt version of the three-ton Railton-Mobil Special in which Cobb hopes to raise his own figures from 369·7 m.p.h. to 400 m.p.h. The car is at present undergoing adjustments in a garage near the Brooklands track, and in August it will be taken out to Bonneville Flats, Utah, and will take its chance over the measured mile. Cobb is of the opinion that the Railton, with its two supercharged Napier aero engines, is capable of pushing along at nearly 40 m.p.h. above the speed achieved in 1939. About fifty tyres will be taken—enough for six attempts on the record (six runs in each direction)

THE CHASSIS OF THE RAILTON-MOBIL SPECIAL : John Cobb at the controls of the car in which he achieved the world's land speed record in 1939 and in which he will attempt to better his own record at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, this August

FRANCE'S MOST BELOVED POLITICAL FIGURE PAYS A VISIT TO ENGLAND : M. Eduard Herriot (left) being escorted from Northolt Aerodrome by M. Massigli, the French Ambassador. M. Herriot, who is President of the French National Assembly, was here as the guest of the British Government. On the day of his arrival he lunched with Mr. Attlee and dined with Colonel Clifton Brown, the Speaker of the House of Commons. During the war M. Herriot suffered at the hands of the Germans, and for a long while he was their prisoner

CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH BISHOPRICS : The clerical procession passing through the Cloisters on its way from Westminster School to Westminster Abbey before the choral communion held to mark the centenary of the consecration at Westminster of the first Bishops of Adelaide, Melbourne, Newcastle (New South Wales), and Cape Town. The Bishop of London, a former Archbishop of Brisbane, preached at the morning service, and the Archbishop of Canterbury preached in the afternoon, both paying tributes to the missionary and educative work achieved in the Dominions in the past 100 years. The congregation included 300 clergy connected with the ecclesiastical provinces of South Africa and Australia

A MUNIFICENT GIFT FROM AMERICA TOWARDS THE RESTORATION OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW: The celebrated church in Cheapside, one of the many Wren masterpieces which suffered in the blitz, is to receive £12,500 from Trinity Church, New York. The gift is the latest addition to the £200,000 so far subscribed towards the £750,000 fund for the Restoration of Church Life in London. Dr. Wand, who has only lately returned from the United States, gave news of the donation at the London Diocesan Conference. It was in 1941 that St. Mary-le-Bow was hit, and now only the scarred walls, the crypt, and the Wren steeple remain. The twelve bells which gave broadcast recordings, were all destroyed. Since 1944 a temporary place of worship has been set up in the vestry

THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES AT WIMBLEDON: The organisers of the Lawn Tennis Championships at the All-England Club. Colonel Macaulay (left) is Secretary of the Club and Mr. A. H. Risely (right) is Vice-Chairman of the Committee of Management. The success of the second post-war Wimbledon was largely due to their efforts

LAST DAYS OF THE DUNGENESS EXPRESS: This unusual cart with the giant wheels is now breaking up rapidly after nearly fifty years' service on the Kent coast. At one time the cart used to transport fish from the boats arriving at Dungeness, and of recent years it has taken stores to houses and the inn beyond the limit of the road. The road has now been lengthened, but the Britannia Inn still uses the express, and in this picture a load of beer is seen being taken across the shingle. When the cart is abandoned a steel sleigh will be used

YORK TACKLES ITS HOUSING PROBLEM AS A MILITARY EVOLUTION: An aerial view of prefabricated and permanent dwellings in the neighbourhood of the Carr estate, where building is going ahead with notable speed. Before the war, overcrowding in York was more serious than in most cities, and in addition there was a big slum problem. Bomb damage, although not so extensive as in other cities, has further exacerbated the problem, and to-day York needs approximately 5,000 houses in five years. York laid its rehousing plans before the end of the war, and she is now justly proud of what has been achieved both by civic and private enterprise. By the end of April 320 permanent houses had been completed and a host of prefabricated houses had been erected on every available space

THE UNION JACK AND "OLD GLORY" FLY FROM FRANKLIN HOUSE: No. 36, Craven Street, Strand, which was damaged during the war by incendiary and high-explosive bombs, has been restored as a memorial to Benjamin Franklin by the British Society for International Understanding with the aid of generous contributions from America. It was opened last week by Mrs. Douglas, wife of the American Ambassador. Benjamin Franklin lodged in Craven Street for 18 years, from 1757 to 1775

A HAUNT OF THE SEABIRDS—A SPECTACULAR CLIFF ON THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST WHERE THE WEST WALES FIELD SOCIETY
On this coast and in the neighbouring island bird sanctuaries of Skokholm and Skomer, Mr. R. M. Lockley, the Chief War

THE BIRD WATCHERS OF SKOKHOLM

The Work of the West Wales Field Society Among the Bird Sanctuaries on the Pembrokeshire Coast

Last month the West Wales Field Society held a meeting in London, and ornithologists were able to learn by means of films and photographs something of the sterling work done by the bird-watchers of the Welsh coast. The centre of the Society's activities is on the island of Skokholm, lying just off Milford Haven, and the pictures on these pages give some idea of the rugged nature of the scenery and the variety of the bird-life to be observed. The demand for accommodation by visitors to Skokholm has been so great that it has been decided to shift the base of operations to the mainland, and accordingly an appeal is being launched for £10,000 to equip Dale Fort, overlooking the entrance to Milford Haven, as one of Britain's new field study centres. From this fort visitors will be able to make trips to Skokholm. The presiding genius of the Field Society is Mr. R. M. Lockley, who has only lately returned from a bird-watching visit to bomb-scarred Heligoland. Last year he supervised the ringing of 6,387 birds for the Field Society.

THE APPROACH TO SKOKHOLM : A sketch-map showing the situation of the principal island bird sanctuary of the West Wales Field Society. Last year the Society leased nearby Skomer

THE RUGGED GRANDEUR OF SKOKHOLM : Looking across the South Haven of the island where Mr. R. M. Lockley and other ornithologists have carried out such valuable work since the close of the war. Skokholm first became established as a bird sanctuary in 1934

A NESTING CRANNY IN THE ROCKS : A week-old herring-gull chick on the edge of its seemingly precarious home. During 1946 seventy-nine of this species were ringed by the Field Society

CIETY IS CARRYING ON ITS IMPORTANT WORK OF BIRD OBSERVATION: arden, and his associates, were actively at work throughout 1946

HE YOUNG GUILLEMOT AND THE ADULT PUFFIN—TWO SPECIES FOUND IN LARGE NUMBERS IN THE SKOKHOLM BIRD SANCTUARY: The guillemots appear to have declined during the war, but observations in 1946 showed that there had been no appreciable alteration in the number of puffins. The puffin on the right was caught for marking purposes and, after being ringed with a numbered aluminium ring, it was duly released. It may possibly be recovered abroad

A COLONY OF GANNETS ON THE ISLAND BIRD SANCTUARY OF GRASSHOLM: These great fishing birds are to be seen in enormous numbers around Grassholm, Skomer and Skokholm. During 1946 representatives of the West Wales Field Society paid about eight visits to Grassholm, and on the first visit forty-one adult gannets were ringed. It was estimated that there were in all about 6,000 gannet nests on the island, and that the colony was as large as in 1939. In July of last year 350 young and adult gannets were ringed

STIRRUPS

Their Origin and Their Part in the Development of the Feudal Knight and the Feudal System

George IV and his stirrupless equestrian figure, subject of a half-mocking question in Parliament, have led to an animated controversy in the press regarding the origin of the stirrup. It is generally accepted that the stirrup was used in the East long before its introduction to Western Europe. Stirrups have been found in Sarmatian graves in Russia belonging to the first century B.C. On an Indian medallion of the second century B.C., horsemen are shown using stirrup ropes. The stirrup made possible the combination of the warrior in armour with the warrior on horseback. The stirrupless mediæval knight, with all his weight of equipment, would have been shortlived indeed, but with the stirrup he rode bravely, and confidently, into the age of the tourney.

NO STIRRUPS FOR KING GEORGE IV: When the reconstruction of Trafalgar Square was discussed in Parliament, Colonel Gowrie-Duncan, Conservative Member for Perth and Kinross, asked: "Will the right hon. gentleman arrange to give a pair of stirrups to King George IV?"

ONE OF THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATIONS OF STIRRUPS: A clay figurine in the Cambridge University Museum, dated A.D. 386-549. According to Sir William Ridgeway, this is the earliest known representation of stirrups. Sir John Marshall has pointed out that they were in use in India several centuries earlier

THE HEROIC CONCEPTION—AN ITALIAN WARRIOR OF THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY WITHOUT STIRRUPS, BRIDLE OR SADDLE: The bronze statue by Brioseo shows the balance required by a warrior without stirrups. The stirrup permitted the horseman, for the first time, to couch his lance firmly under his arm instead of wielding it loosely, as was pointed out by Mr. James G. Mann, Master of Armouries at H.M. Tower of London. He further stated that "By couching the lance, the full weight and momentum of horse and rider were placed behind it. This enormously increased the effectiveness of the charge of armoured horsemen"

In his letter to *The Times*, Mr. R. W. Moore stated that although armoured horsemen were not a prominent factor in Western warfare until the fourth century A.D., they have a more ancient history, and the origin of armour for horse and rider appears to have been among the nomadic peoples of Iran and the Asiatic steppes. Herodotus observes that the Massagetæ armoured their horses with breastplates

On right—**ARMED FOR THE JOUST: A fifteenth-century bronze statue of the Franco-Flemish school. This particular riding position could only be maintained by the use of stirrups**

A NORMAN CAVALRYMAN OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY USING STIRRUPS: The stirrup was well established by the time of the Norman invasion of Great Britain. At an unknown time in the early centuries of the Millennium, the stirrup was introduced from the East and made possible the mounted man in armour and the medieval knight at arms

A TEUTON WOMAN RIDING ASTRIDE AND WITHOUT STIRRUPS: Mr. Basil Tozer, in his "The Horse in History," suggests that the true stirrup was most likely invented and introduced by the Teutonic people of the Lower Rhine. They probably used it originally to assist them in mounting

A ROMAN WITH LANCE BUT WITHOUT STIRRUPS: The need of the Romans for the stirrup is rather naïvely illustrated, says James G. Mann, "... by an ivory diptych of Constantine II, who is shown prancing on horseback with his right foot supported by the hand of a kneeling genius"

MUD AND WATER AT ASHES FARM, WENTWORTH, YORKSHIRE, WHERE DRAINAGE AND FERTILITY PROBLEMS ARE CAUSING GRAVE CONCERN FOLLOWING THE "RESTORATION" OF THE LAND AFTER OPEN-CAST MINING: The farm forms part of the Fitzwilliam Estate, from which 2,060,000 tons of coal have been taken by open-cast methods, but Earl Fitzwilliam and his tenants are asking how long it will be before the land regains its fertility—if ever. Many of the fields have been restored with subsoil on top, and are at present quite unsuitable for cultivation; while most of the farmers have serious drainage problems

THE PRICE OF OPEN-CAST COAL MINING

What Has Happened to the "Restored" Farm Lands of Wentworth

The need for open-cast coal to supplement our deep-mined coal is fully recognised, so narrow will be the margin if we are to emerge next winter without a fuel crisis, but agriculturists are now asking: "Is open-cast mining as it is now conducted really worth the price?"

It has just become known that the Fuel Ministry is requisitioning Whitley Hall, South Yorkshire, with a view to obtaining 1,000 tons of coal a week from the estate, but if Whitley shares the fate of Wentworth Woodhouse, where open-cast mining has been going on for several years and 2,060,000 tons of coal have been extracted, it is doubtful if the experiment is justified.

Agricultural journalists were invited recently by Earl Fitzwilliam to visit the Wentworth property and see for themselves what had been done to restore the land. What they saw was disheartening to a degree. The top-soil has not been segregated in many cases, and as a result land has been levelled out, but it is quite incapable of bearing adequate crops. In many fields clay and stony subsoil are on top, and while it is possible to provide fair grazing on such land, the chances of sowing cereals there are remote. The local tenant farmers are deeply disturbed by the situation, and they have pointed out that water from the open-cast workings has now begun to pour on to the unrequisitioned land.

This battle for open-cast coal has certainly helped Mr. Shinwell's campaign, but the farmers of Wentworth state that, apart from serious damage to the land it has brought with it an annual loss of 126,000 gallons of milk, 3,000 tons of bread, and 50 tons of beef. The problem is economic rather than political, and it is on the economic plane that the farmers ask their case to be judged.

WATERLOGGED LAND ON NEWHILL GRANGE FARM, WENTWORTH: This was requisitioned for open-cast mining in June 1943 and restored in mid-1944, but it is still quite unsuitable for intensive agriculture

AGRICULTURAL JOURNALISTS SURVEY THE DRAINAGE PROBLEM: Inspecting a gully on the Wentworth Estate. As a result of flooding from the open-cast workings, the non-requisitioned land is waterlogged

CAN THIS LAND EVER AGAIN YIELD SUBSTANTIAL CROPS? A ditch on one of the restored sites at Wentworth, showing how only an inch or two of top-soil has been put back. It is obvious that in many places the replacement of the soil has been done without supervision

A STACKING SITE FOR OPEN-CAST COAL AT WARREN VALE, WENTWORTH: No coal has been put there for two years, but it still remains under requisition, and it is claimed that if the remaining heaps were removed the land could be brought back to cultivation as the top-soil has not been disturbed by open-cast mining

CONQUERING INDUSTRY'S POST-WAR MALAISE

What the Institute of Industrial Psychology is Doing for the Worker

By CHARLES GRAVES

DOCTOR DALTON'S latest austerity cuts are being viewed with extreme despondency by manufacturers all over the country. Many of them have already noticed with discomfort the growing apathy, absenteeism, and lack of incentive to work among their employees. There is, indeed, a widespread belief among directors and managements that production could be much greater if employees did not make use of restrictive practices. While recognising that this frequent deliberate slowing-down of work is apparently on the increase, many employers seem unable to do anything to alleviate it. Others, however, have been taking advantage of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, which was formed just over twenty-five years ago to overcome exactly this type of problem. It is a scientific association, the objects of which are to promote psychology and physiology in occupational life—to reduce the number of round pegs in square holes; to make work easier, safer and healthier; and to increase the worker's satisfaction in his or her task. It is non-profit-making and, not surprisingly, has heavy calls on its staff.

When the Institute first began, there was a large pool of labour on which employers could draw, and most of its research was in the direction of Movement Study; in other words, to find out how to make any given job easier to perform. It might have something to do with lighting, heating and the environment of the job; it might have to do with welfare or the elimination of noise.

When the war came, the emphasis shifted entirely. There were thousands of jobs and not enough people to carry them out. The Institute's attention was, therefore, drawn to the need for allocating green, or semi-green, labour so that it could be used in the best possible way. This meant assessing individual workers, both men and women, in relation to their job and developing quick methods of training workers up to an adequate standard. During the war a third phase appeared. Employers discovered that their workpeople were becoming uninterested in their jobs, and felt that they ought to be doing work of greater national importance. In munition factories and aircraft factories this mood was corrected without great difficulty by sending fighter pilots, commandos and other glamorous users of the manufactured articles to the factories to explain to the workers how important their job was to the people at home. It was also explained to the workers how a small part which they were were making in thousands was fitted into the ultimate anti-aircraft gun, mine, torpedo, or aeroplane.

Phase Four is much more difficult to overcome. This is the attitude of the post-war worker who realises that he is no longer making some weapon which will protect England from the enemy, and loses interest in his job. Moreover, high taxation and the lack of variety of consumer goods in the shops are inclined to remove a further percentage of his incentive to work. Many employers wring their hands and believe that there is no remedy. They seriously think that the working classes are so worn out by years of hard work and the shortage of attractive food, that industry in this country is automatically slowing down and can never be accelerated again. While agreeing that there is less incentive to work, it seems to me that the drop in production can be partly due to a very different cause: the publication of apparently high dividends by companies which do not increase the pay of the employees. The latter, seeing what the shareholders secure without any personal effort of their own, feel that they are being underpaid and victimised. Once this feeling is engendered, other grievances come into being and production drops both consciously and unconsciously.

Some employers, and foremen, too, believe that discontent in the factories often has its source in home troubles; just as parents are inclined to believe that if their grown-up sons and daughters are difficult at home, that it is because of some strain at their work. The Institute of Industrial Psychology has a great deal of evidence which disproves this. Much of the sick health of post-war industry can be cured; but a special technique is necessary to form a proper diagnosis.

For this purpose, thousands of people have been interviewed in factories, offices, stores and restaurants during the compilation of a number of Attitude Surveys. The principle of an Attitude Survey is that all grades of workers from directors to labourers are encouraged to talk in the strictest confidence to a psychologist of wide industrial experience, who is not a member of the firm and who promises to observe the anonymity of those who talk to him. Over a period of years the Institute has acquired so many case histories that it can confidently make practical suggestions to relieve the stresses and strains in any given company. There is, for example, almost inevitable jealousy, not only between individuals, but also between departments. Inter-departmental jealousy is so common as to be taken for granted, say, between the head office and the others; between inspection and production; and between rate-fixing and sales. The chief cause of this is that the various departments do not understand each other's work or difficulties. There is frequent jealousy, too, between individuals. If a firm expands very quickly, it often happens that the responsibilities for the various functions of management develop in a haphazard way, and nobody really knows where one person's responsibility ends and another's begins.

Another reason for the sickness of industry is that the increasing complexity of modern business organisation has brought into the factory numbers of new specialists—rate-fixers, planners, progress men, and personnel officers—with the result that the foreman becomes afraid that his own expert knowledge is being outclassed and his field of authority invaded. As he cannot understand the new technical terms, it becomes his policy to resist every kind of innovation. Unless his anxiety is allayed by sympathetic explanation he acquires an inferiority complex which develops into aggressiveness and non-co-operation. What is more, the pre-war foreman whose chief asset in making people work hard was the threat of dismissal, has now, in many cases, lost that weapon—because his particular industry is short of staff. As a result, therefore, of Phase Four among industrial workers, foremen in future will have to be less tyrannical and become real leaders in the best sense of the word.

Similarly, employers will have to treat their employees as human beings and not as mere "hands." The best example of this is provided by Sir Charles Bartlett (of Vauxhall's) who, when the question of a five-day week arose, took his factory workers into his confidence and explained to them that he was entirely in favour of a five-day week, but that production must not drop. If, by means of doing extra work during the shorter hours and by other methods it was possible to maintain production, he would be only too pleased to agree to a five-day week. He even went to the extent of taking a group of his workpeople through his firm's balance-sheets and accounts, explaining what proportion of the sales price went in the cost of labour, what proportion in the cost of materials, and so on, detailing the overhead expenses like development and research—thus explaining how little really was left for the shareholders' dividends. Not only that, he talked to them about the general industrial outlook and spoke of their various particular problems. There was no doubt about the success of this revolutionary idea. As Sir Charles says himself: "Why must the financial and management side of industry be wrapped in secret and concealed from growingly understanding workpeople? Can it so continue? If we have done good things, wise things, why not tell our people so? Or are there matters of management which we would not rather discuss, or other financial details which do not sound so good when brought out into the light?"

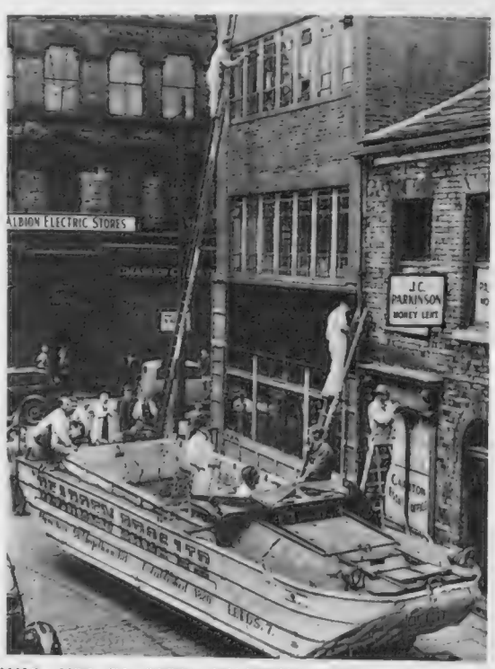
The truth is that to regain an upward surge of production it will be necessary for managements to regard labour not as a commodity, but as a number of human beings—in other words, man-management must be good. It does not matter how up-to-date a factory is if the workers are not treated properly. It is not a question of pampering them, it is the matter of finding out their grievances, whether fancy or real, and then explaining to them the facts of (industrial) life. This is where the Attitude Survey has proved so useful. Employers are often quite astonished by the grievances which come to light, many of them perfectly ridiculous and easily removed.

In one big firm, for example, the discontent in a certain department was found, after investigation, to be due to the fact that the girls were not allowed to have flowers on their desks, although their colleagues in another department were entitled to have them.

Besides these feelings of unfairness there are also feelings of frustration when workers come to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that nepotism is at work and that their chances of promotion are negligible. Here again, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology is very helpful for firms who apply for their experts to vet members of the staff when it is time to promote somebody. The general reaction is that an outside psychologist is not going to show any form of favouritism.

It all boils down to this—that with increased education, workers must be taken much more into the confidence of managements, and justice must not only be done, but it must be done visibly. Goodness knows that I am not a Socialist, but it is becoming increasingly evident to me that industry must be humanised and workers must no longer be treated as mere units of energy. This means a considerable change in the philosophy of managements, a change which is daily encouraged by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

THE COLLIER MAKES GOOD: For thirteen years Norman Pritchard was a coal-miner in South Wales, but he was unfortunate enough to contract a lung disease through coal-dust. On medical advice he went to Newquay—in his own words, "to die"—but instead he conquered his infirmities, and from his hobby of making plaster models has created a new industry in Newquay. In this picture he is seen with one of his six employees. Mr. Pritchard has so many orders that he now finds it difficult to cope with them all



WAR AIDS TO SPEED PEACETIME WORK: This converted Army "Duck" is being used by a Leeds firm of painters and decorators to carry their equipment to various parts of the town. Mr. Robert Dearden, a director of the firm, has also introduced "walkie-talkie" wireless equipment which enables the firm's foremen to communicate with head office and the manager to keep in touch with the work in hand in various parts of the city. A foreman seated before the windscreen of the "Duck" is seen using the "walkie-talkie"

OPERA IN ENGLAND AND ENGLISH OPERA

"THE PERFECT PRINCESS TURANDOT": An informal picture of Eva Turner, who has recently been singing the part again at Covent Garden. Bristol-born Eva Turner heard her first opera in Oldham and thereupon determined to become an operatic singer. She first went to the Royal Academy of Music, where she was trained by Edgardo Levy and the famous teacher and lecturer, Professor Richards-Broad. She joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, where her great talent was soon recognised, and sang all the leading roles with considerable success for that company. Eva Turner has sung in every famous opera house of Europe and U.S. and is accepted as one of the world's greatest sopranos

AN AMERICAN FILM AND REVUE SINGER IN A LEADING ROLE AT COVENT GARDEN: Leni Lynn, who played Sophie in "Rosenkavalier." The return to America of Virginia McWatters left Covent Garden the problem of finding a suitable singer for the part of Sophie in "Rosenkavalier." Leni Lynn was given an audition and, later, a contract. This young American went to high school with Judy Garland and Lana Turner, learned tap-dancing from Eleanor Powell, and went to Hollywood at the age of thirteen. During the war she came to London. She sang in George Black's revue *Strike a New Note*, and has played in a Will Fyffe film

"ALBERT HERRING" AT GLYNDEBOURNE: Nancy Evans and Frederick Sharp singing in Benjamin Britten's latest opera. Benjamin Britten's new "chamber opera" has been written for a small cast, without a chorus and for an orchestra of only twelve players. The theme of *Albert Herring* is an adaptation by Eric Crozier from one of de Maupassant's stories. *The Rape of Lucretia* has already been performed in Chicago and Hollywood. A French version has played in Brussels and a German in Basle. Under the British Council, *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Albert Herring* will be performed at the Lucerne Festival

THE VIRTUOUS ALBERT HERRING: Peter Pears sings the title-role in Benjamin Britten's new opera, which was produced at Glyndebourne. It is to be performed at Lucerne next month

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SICKERT WROTE WITH WIT AND VIGOUR

The Great Painter was a Master of Language, and His Output was Prolific

UNQUESTIONABLY the book of the week must be Sir Osbert Sitwell's edition of the writings of the great painter Sickert. It has sometimes seemed to me that it was impossible for a real artist to write bad prose, and with Walter Richard Sickert (who used to sign his paintings with either of his Christian names) that impossibility is a fact. He was a prolific writer, turning out articles, essays, criticism, studies and brief biographies constantly during his long, working life. He was a man of the world, a well-read man, convivial, hospitable, shrewd, but above all, a painter. He can be said to have lived for painting, whether his own brilliant work or the genius of others, about which he could be remarkably generous.

In the *Short Character*, which prefaces the edited writings of the artist, Sir Osbert writes of Sickert's good looks, his distinction, his wit. "Certainly this tall, handsome man had nothing of the inspired dormouse about him—his was another kind of race. In every trait, in every bone, he was *aware*, alert, challenging, not self-conscious, but conscious of himself. He wore, often, the smile of the lion, and no doubt that extra imperceptible drop of adrenalin, secreted by the glands and injected into the bloodstream, which gives the lion his leap, gave Sickert, too, his approach to pictures, and to subjects of conversation. He sprang. And he guarded the English tradition, which he had rescued from the hands of the mediocre, with something of the growling adroitness with which a lion guards a bone. He was naturally elegant. . . . He possessed a most accurate verbal memory, and his talk, full of surprises, was enchanting. Not only was he witty, he was often arrestingly funny. . . ."

Sir Osbert is endlessly quotable on the subject of the great painter whom he had known in his prime, when the Sitwells were very young men. A FREE HOUSE! (Macmillan. 25s.) depends, nevertheless, as he is the first to recognise, less on the inspired comments of a friend than on the writings of *The Artist as a Craftsman*, and these are as rewarding as jewels. Sickert wrote about his contemporaries, about the men he considered his masters, about contemporary exhibitions of painting and about music-halls. He always wrote with vigour, sometimes with exaggerated emphasis, and often with superb wit. This book is not only the book of the week: I think that, for me, it is going to be the book of the summer.

There is a quality about the writing of Irishmen which is peculiar to those native to the distressful country, and which has nothing to do with Joyce, Yeats, Synge, St. John Ervine or G. B. Shaw. By "nothing to do," I mean that they need not necessarily be of any of those schools, and at the same time can be nothing else but persistently Irish. (And this, let me add, has still less to do with that strange gibberish which comes over the loudspeakers at Shannon Airport and has to be translated into good Brooklyn Irish for the benefit of the passengers.)

Mr. Jim Phelan's TURF-FIRE TALES (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories, every one of them Irish and most competently done. Indeed, competence is Mr. Phelan's strong suit in all things, and if these stories lack the magic touch, they have atmosphere, humour and humanity.

OUT OF TO-MORROW (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is a romantic novel of our own times. Miss Stella Morton takes as her theme the problem of readjustment between a husband and wife whom the war has separated for years, and who have to find the person they loved all over again. This can be a tragedy, a drama, or, less plausibly, a comedy. Miss Morton makes no bones about her choice and goes for drama in a definite and clear-cut way.

The returned soldier owns a lovely house and a farm, is married to a beautiful woman who loves music, and has three children, one of them a baby. He comes back to find his exquisite wife in breeches and sweater, looking after sick cattle; his son and daughter grown into difficult young people, and the baby a sturdy little boy. He also finds his wife's cousin, who used to be an accepted but rather dim part of their lives, now the man in charge of the farm, of the house and of the children.

There are a number of solutions to this kind of situation. The one Miss Morton has chosen is not startlingly new, but she gives it with conviction, and, as I say, stresses the dramatic and the romantic aspects of each of her characters to a point that is dangerously near lushness.

THE HUMANE RABBIT-TRAP: This is the invention of a Wiltshire water bailiff, Mr. Frank Edmund Sawyer, and it is the result of eleven years of spare-time work. As the rabbit treads on the steel plate at the base of the trap it is caught round the throat by two arms, and as a rule it is killed painlessly. Mr. Sawyer made the trap from old pram parts. In recognition of his work, he recently received £300 from Sir Robert Gower, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The trap is to be produced on a large scale, and it is hoped to enforce its use as a substitute for the gin-trap

There is an anodyne quality about the novels of Miss Ursula Bloom which increases with the years. In her tales the wicked, though painted as brilliantly black as jet, inevitably get their deserts, and the good, though masked by timid looks and low stations in life, as inevitably reap their rewards. It is soothing, it is reassuring, and it is a first-class pain-killer, this particular form of the literary attitude to life.

In ADAM'S DAUGHTER (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), Miss Bloom's heroine is an inconsiderable little charwoman called Minnie, who hides many of the virtues of staunch Boadicea under her working apron and ridiculous hat. Her life, in spite of the frequent nips in Chelsea public-houses, is as hard as any non-existent enemy could wish for her, and to match it she grows her own core of hardness that never quite degenerates into bitterness. She serves "her ladies," turns out their kitchens, sees them through every kind of crisis from the physical to the financial, and finally wins the George Cross by rescuing one of them from a bombed building.

Bravo, Minnie! And bravo, Miss Bloom!

Hildegarde and Darwin Teilhet's new thriller is a pretty good one, though no more than that. THE ASSASSINS (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is set in China, the China of a year or more ago, with the impact on one side of the English and American firms arriving to re-establish their businesses, and, on the other side, the uncertain political situation, as between the National Government and Chinese Communists. On this scene appears a young American, born in China and brought up there by his Quaker mother, and his rich young wife.

The young man dislikes his wife's riches and her family's influence so much that he is sometimes not sure whether he even likes her, but she is a sensible as well as an affectionate girl, and has encouraged him in his project of starting up his rug factory in a remote hill town. So far, so moderately good, but there now enter to them various curious characters, some politically-minded and some just ordinary bandits.

The action starts and is kept up continuously but not particularly swiftly. Better than the physical activity is the atmosphere, which I found excellent and compelling of conviction. In this the Teilhets have excelled themselves; this is a novel about China with a sound adventure plot rather than a thriller. But is still one for the list.

In the wrapper description of Mr. Quentin Reynolds' SEVENTY THOUSAND TO ONE (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), the publishers write that: "There were many aspects of the war which we in Britain could not have visualised," and go on to refer to what was apparently a purely American theatre of activity—the Pacific. There is certainly one such aspect which has been difficult to visualise, and that is the fact of Mr. Reynolds compering a play on a New York stage recently, and underlining those anti-British points in it he thought the audience might be missing. And this from the man who once dedicated a book: "To My Neighbours: The People of London."

The present little book is the story, as it was told to him by Lieut. Gordon Manuel, of months on a Philippine island as the only American, in hiding from the 70,000 occupying Japanese. Lieut. Manuel was befriended by the natives, survived the ordeal and escaped before the end of the war.

LOST TREASURES OF EUROPE

and Other Books Briefly Reviewed

In the midst of her life-and-death struggle, Europe had no time to note, save in passing, the dire toll of conflict. Scarcely a day went by without some noble building in some part of Europe disappearing in a cloud of dust and rubble. We all knew full well that our rich architectural heritage was suffering a grievous, irreparable blow, but now come the years of accounting and, with them, the full shock of realisation of all that perished when Germany led us into total war. In LOST TREASURES OF EUROPE (Batsford. 30s.) Henry La Farge sets out to make a comprehensive survey of the great cultural monuments which were partly or totally destroyed between 1939 and 1945, and even if it makes tragic, poignant reading, this is a vital and necessary record, and one for which future generations will be grateful. Altogether 160 cities are listed, and these belong to ten nations. London's Guildhall, Pisa's Medici Palace, Orleans' House of Agnes Sorel, Cologne's City Hall, Budapest's Royal Palace, and the Great Palace of Peterhof are among the many monuments that have suffered a large measure of destruction, and in the 427 photographs he has gathered together Mr. La Farge shows them as they were in the days of all their glory. In only a few instances does he portray them in dissolution, and for this we may be truly grateful. Most of us are heartily tired of pictures of destruction, and one heap of rubble is much the same as another. The book, printed in America, is in the best Batsford tradition.

From the same publishing house, and also printed in America, is A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE ART (Batsford. 42s.). This is the work of Ludwig Bachhofer, of the Art Department of Chicago University, and in it he crystallises his own ideas of the development of Chinese painting and sculpture, the result of many years of patient research. The half-tone illustrations are excellent, but in such an elaborate work it would have been very much better if they had been in colour.

Susan Noel, international lawn-tennis and squash-rackets player, has, like so many of her games-playing contemporaries, burst into print, and the result is a sometimes tantalising and at moments vastly entertaining book. Under the meaningful title of TENNIS WITHOUT TEARS (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)—and what floods of them were shed by some of the bright stars of the '20's!—Miss Noel attempts in just over 100 pages to describe the mechanics of the game and at the same time to present a picture of the contemporary tennis world. In doing so she essays too much, but she reveals no ordinary ability as a writer, and some of her pen-portraits of her fellow-players are really masterly. That is why the book is so tantalising. We could do with much more in the same vein. It is quite obvious that Miss Noel will have to find time to give us a book of reminiscences. She sees the unbalanced world of international lawn tennis in what many will feel is a sane perspective; she has the gift of imaginative expression and, between the lines, reveals a very likeable personality.

Why will theological writers select catch-penny titles for serious works? Largely, it is to be supposed, as a reaction from the dull theological literature of the nineteenth century, so much of which still haunts the second-hand bookstalls. J. W. B. Worsley's symposium, IS THERE AN HONEST GOD? (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.), is a much better book than the title indicates. It is a series of imaginary conversations in which a practising barrister, with the keen, analytical mind of his kind, questions the existence of the particular God whom the Church invoked in war and proclaimed as the giver of victory. The conversations are natural and easy, sometimes even racy and occasionally profound, and they will certainly stimulate thought. Dr. Worsley makes at least one of his characters truculently severe upon the organised Church, particularly upon Roman Catholicism, the declared opponent of Communism, and he can no doubt expect some hard knocks from the book critics of the clerical Press.

It is twenty-five years since William Gerhardi's first novel, *Futility*, saw the light of day. Mr. Gerhardi, with his fine sense of comedy and his deep knowledge of the Russian scene, two characteristics not without an affinity, has in the intervening quarter of a century achieved an international reputation, and many will now welcome the first collected edition of his works. The edition is published by Macdonald's at 6s., and the first three titles are *Futility*, a novel on Russian themes; *The Polyglots*, a comedy of the Far East; and *My Sinful Earth*, a story foreshadowing the atomic age. The edition is excellently printed, but the binding is not of the highest standard.

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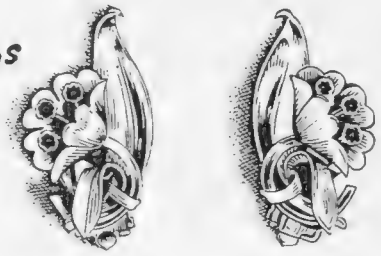

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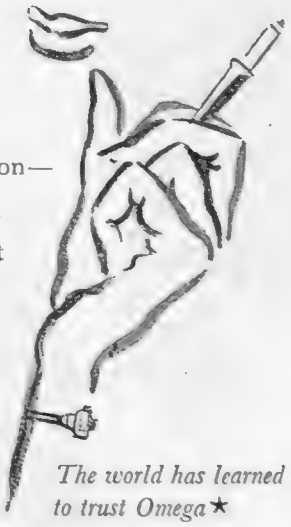

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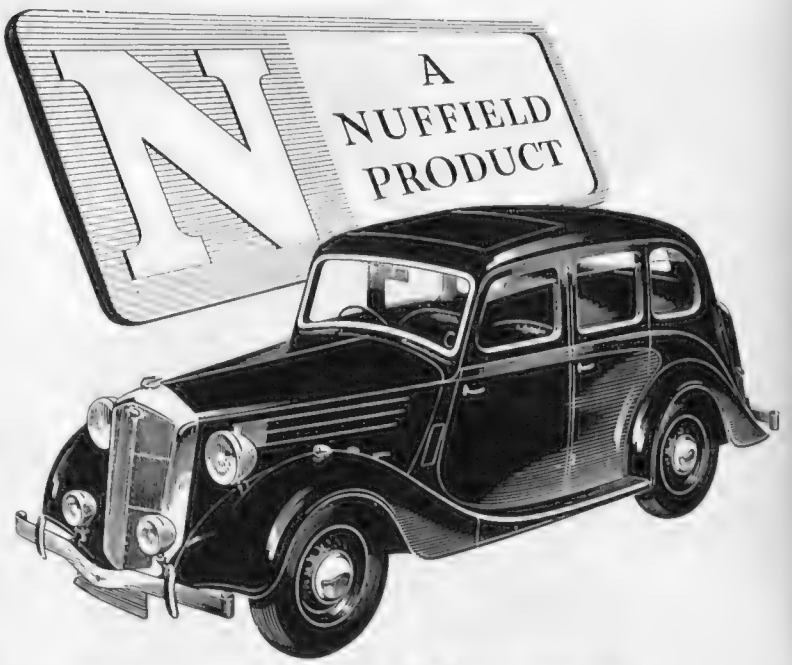

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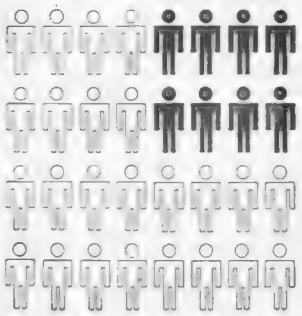

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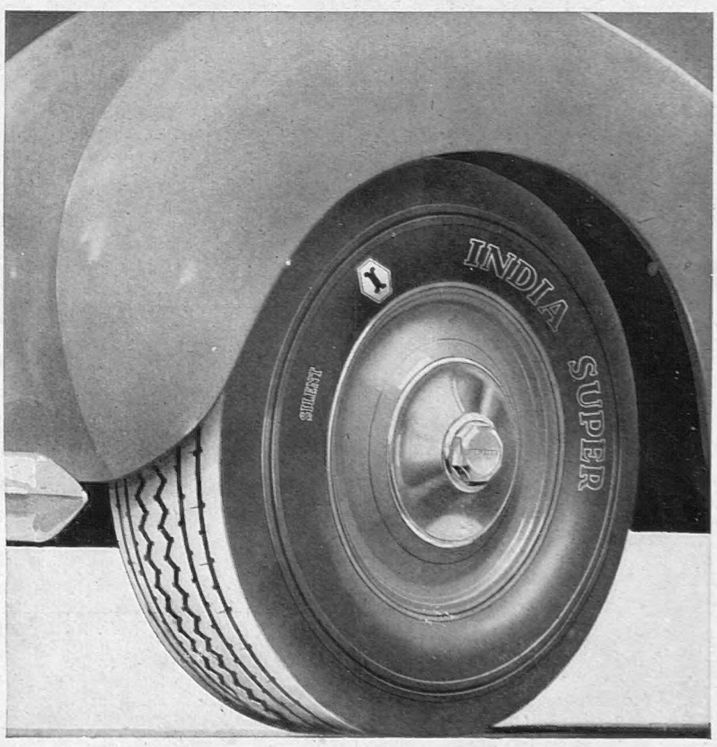

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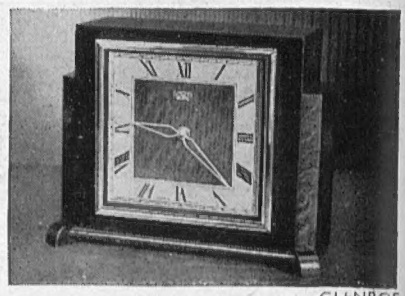

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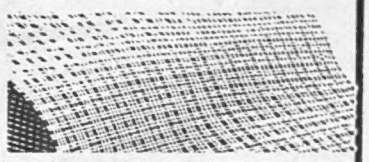

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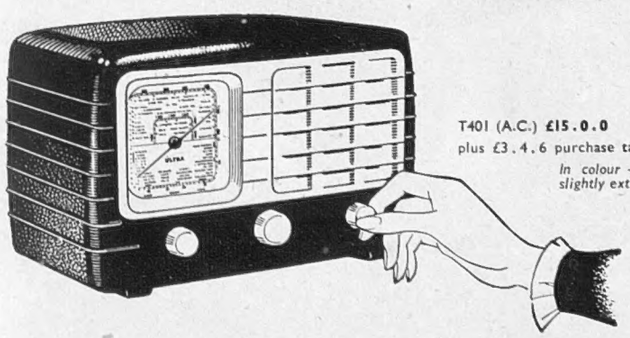

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